American Girl

For All Girls-Published by the Girl Scouts

SEPTEMBER

1934



The Flat-Tire Mystery by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



Of course you remember her... at the Convention last year in Milwaukee. Her well-dressed appearance and the ease and confidence of her carriage in her trimly tailored leader's uniform could not fail to impress you. Insignia, belt, hat—all officially correct.

Will your appearance at the National Convention in Boston this year create a similar impression of correctness and capability? It will IF you are in uniform. You owe it not only to yourself, but to the Girl Scouts throughout the country. For to the public: "The uniform typifies what Girl Scouting signifies."

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

THE AMERICAN GIRL



THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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ANNE IN WHITE
painted by George W. Bellows

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

The Menace

Part one of a two-part story in which a girl discovers that foolbardiness is not the same as courage, but is, in fact, a real danger to others

AIN was acting up again. Dave had the saddle on him, the rest of the party was mounted and ready to set out on a week's jaunt into the high country, the pack mules had started on ahead-and here was Cain be-

ing cute.
"Let me at him," Dixie called. "I'll take

the nonsense out of him!"

'Get away from that horse's heels," Dave retorted. "You've been away so long you've forgotten everything you ever knew about horses.

"I'm not afraid of him," Dixie protested. Dave, getting hold of Cain's head at last, gave her a long, direct glance.

"That's the trouble with you," he replied, quietly so that only Dixie could hear. "You're not afraid of anything. There's a difference between not being afraid, and using good sense, Sis. I guess you've got to learn that all over again. All right. We're all set. Get atop your Pete horse, Dixie, and start the line." He swung a long leg over black Cain's back, and let him dance to the end of the line. Dixie, waving to the "dudes" who were staying at the

ranch, touched Pete with her heel and set him waltzing as she led away up the trail that switch-backed out of the home cañon. Behind her, eight ranch guests got their mounts in motion, with Dave at the tail to keep them moving

It was good to be on a horse again, Dixie told herself. She had ridden, back East at school, of course. She had fished back there, too, and hiked-but riding, fishing, hiking were different out here. Here, it was a challenge; back there, it had been exercise. She was glad to be home. Two years since she'd seen Dave; two years since she'd set out like this with him for a trek in their beloved high country, with mountains still above them though the trail led across a ten-thousand-foot pass.

Two years ago there had been no dudes, but she couldn't complain about them since they had pulled the Double-O Ranch out of a tight spot, when Dave felt sure he was going to lose it. It would have finished Dave, losing the ranch that had been in the family a hundred years. Indirectly, it had been Tucitos land long before that; a Spanish grant that had dwindled now to a mere twenty thousand acres.

By**NORMA** BICKNELL MANSFIELD Dixie Tucitos, Spanish and Irish, knew that what was left was the cream of the grant.

The trail led north along the canon rim, through a growth of Jeffrey pine, and out into the open again where it crossed a face of granite, and started up once more. Distant peaks crept into view as the party climbed.

There was Nubble Peak with its outcrops of faulted slate; off to the south, the Misery

Group; and to the west, the Altos Mountains still held their snow. The season was late this year.

Dixie looked at her watch; it was pushing on toward noon and lunchtime. They had made a late start. The sun, high now in the bewildering blue of the Sierra sky, was filling the air with the pungent odor of drying pine needles. Dixie's heart began to sing. She was home again.

HE pack train that had started ahead was waiting where Ouzel Creek crossed the trail. Dixie, dismounting, saw that tea had been made and individual lunches left behind, as the loaded mules started on again with the three packers. The pack train must always stay ahead until permanent camp was made. Dixie waved them a gay salute as they disap-

peared, still climbing, through a growth of lodgepole pine.
"Rally around," she called to the dudes as they dismounted. "We'll take an hour out here. That right, Dave?"

That's right," Dave nodded, counting heads. Seated, a cup of tea in one hand, a sandwich in the other, her back against a friendly pine, Dixie surveyed the crowd with leisurely interest. All were strangers to her; a pair of newlyweds, each determined the other should have the larger half of each sandwich; a middle-aged man with troutflies stuck in his hatband-Dave seemed to know him; two school-teachers, quietly and earnestly enjoying their vacation; a slender, white-faced girl and her parents.

The white-faced girl interested Dixie most. Her name was Alice and her parents were divided in their attitude to-

ward her. Mrs. Lane was afraid the girl was tired.
"You are tired, aren't you, Alice?" she said, to which
Mr. Lane replied, "Nonsense, we've just started." But his eyes were anxious.

"That's funny," Dixie said to herself. "She looks healthy

enough, except that she's been indoors too much. Why don't they leave her alone?'

Moving on impulse—as she often did—Dixie carried her sandwich over and eased herself to the ground beside the Lanes.

HELLO," she said, speaking directly to Alice. "This your first trip of the season?" Dixie had an engaging way of being sincerely interested in everyone and everything. No one could have mistaken her friendly advances, least of all the blond Alice, who responded eagerly.
"My very first," she said. "Have you—have you gone out

before?

"Yes," Dixie said gravely. "I grew up on this ranch. I'm Dave Tucitos's sister. Since this is your first trip, we'll have to make it as exciting as possible for you. Can you fish?"
"No," Alice said, "but I'd like to learn."

"Now, Alice," Mrs. Lane broke in with a nervous smile, "you might slip and fall in one of these mountain streams."
"Nonsense!" It was Mr. Lane. "Let the child alone. She has to learn to look out for herself sometime."

Unexpectedly Alice lifted her chin and spoke up for herself. "I'd be scared to death, of course, if we had to walk across on a log, or take a dangerous trail, but I'd like to learn just the same.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Dixie said earnestly, 'so long as you watch where you're going, and keep your balance.

"That's just it," Mrs. Lane said apologetically. "Alice hasn't a very good sense of balance.'

"Good as the next fellow's," Mr. Lane protested stoutly, if she only thought so."

They weren't quarreling, Dixie saw. They were obviously very fond of each other, but between them they were reducing Alice to a pulp of uncertainty. As she made her way thoughtfully back to Dave's side, Dixie began making plans.

"I'm taking that Alice girl under my wing," she said without preamble. "She's my special attention from now on." To her astonishment, instead of a hearty acquiescence from Dave, she drew only one of those disconcertingly direct

glances of his. "Listen, Sis," he said quietly. "You've got a lesson to learn yourself before you take anything under your wing. That Pete horse of yours was within one inch of going over the trail this morning. You'd have had a nasty fall if he'd

slipped."

"But he didn't," Dixic pointed out. "He likes to play around on the edge like that. I'm not afraid."

 $\Gamma^{ ext{HAT,"}}$ said Dave deliberately, "is nothing to be proud of in your case. You grew up in this country. You happen to have a set of the steadiest nerves ever handed a human. Your sense of balance is perfect, and you're strong. Your arms are strong. and your legs are strong. Sorry as I am to say it, I'm afraid your head is strong, too, Sis."

Dixie was puzzled. "But, Dave, you wouldn't want me to be a coward."

Dave's severe tone turned gentle. He put an arm around her. "I'm glad you're not afraid, kid. But I'm not proud of you because you happen to lack fear. The point I'm making is this-it doesn't take courage not to be afraid. It takes courage to do a thing when you are afraid. You haven't that kind of courage because you've never needed it. I hope you never will. That's why I'm lecturing you now. Because, with sense, that lack of fear in you is-well, it's priceless. Without sense, it's a menace. Get me?'

"I'm trying to. I honestly am, Dave.

"I'll put it in one-syllable



A POOL MORE ENTICING TO A FISHERMAN THAN A DISH OF ICE CREAM TO A CHILD

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words," Dave began when Mr. Henry, the middle-aged man, interrupted him.

"About time we got started, isn't it?" he demanded cheer-fully, but urgently. "I'm kind of anxious to get hooked into one of these rainbow trout you advertise.'

'Right!" Dave caught up Cain's reins, and mounted in one smooth stride. Dixie, mounting Pete, forgot Alice and the Lanes. She forgot everything but what Dave had just said to her.

What, she wondered, did he mean? He'd never talked to her like that before. He'd been proud of her, riding a horse

bareback that men wouldn't tackle with a saddle. Fishing a pool that hadn't been fished be-fore, because it looked too difficult of access. Crossing a cliff face that Dave himself had said couldn't be crossed. Still-a small voice inside her remembered—she had ridden that horse to fetch a doctor when no other horse had been available. She had fished the pool when food was an essential; she had crossed the cliff face to rescue a fawn that had fallen



THE MOUNTAINS WERE STILL ABOVE THEM, THOUGH THE TRAIL LED THEM ACROSS A TEN - THOUSAND - FOOT PASS

into a pool above. Those things had been necessary.

"But," Dixie insisted stubbornly, so long as I don't lose my nerve, I'll

be all right. Dave's shaking my nerve, that's what he's doing. He's trying to scare me. But why? Why?"

The question dogged her throughout the afternoon. It carried her well into the next day when the dudes were on the march again, moving toward the camp Dave planned to maintain for a week in Shadow Gorge. There was fishing in the Gorge. Rainbows, German Browns, Brooks would rise

to a timely lure. And there were Indian relics to be found on the narrow floor of the valley. Four trails led out for dudes who wanted hiking, and lakes were available from the main camp for fishermen who wanted to try for a big battler.

RIDING into Shadow Gorge, still at the head of the line, Dixie saw that the packers had picked an ideal spot for the camp. Tents were set back under the golden-cup oaks. Pine needles were deep underfoot when the men had spread them to make a carpet. The cook was busy at a huge fireplace, roasting potatoes for dinner. Overhead the sun was

drooping in late-afternoon lethargy.

"This is perfect," she said to George, the head packer.
"Some of the underbrush has been cleaned out since I was here last. It couldn't be better.'

George disagreed with her.

"Take a look at the bear spoor hereabouts and mebbe you'll change your mind," he said and ambled off to talk to Dave.

Dixie went to her tent, only to discover Alice there ahead of her.

'That's right," she remembered. "Dave said he was putting us in the same tent while we camp here." She turned to the girl. "I hope you don't mind."
"I'm glad," Alice said shyly. "Maybe some of your cour-

age will rub off on me. I'm an awful baby," she went on with abrupt candor. "But I'm going to get over it. This is my first chance, really, to try.

What I have isn't courage," Dixie began, and stopped. What was it? If it wasn't courage, what did Dave call it? "Listen," she changed the subject, "get your rod out, and we'll go up the gorge and try for a couple of trout before supper. Bring along a black gnat."

"A black gnat?" Alice repeated.

"A trout fly. That's the name for the little black fellow. Didn't you bring any flies? You have a fly rod. Well, never mind. I'll give you one. Come on, it's high time you learned to cast. Look, I can start telling you now on the way to the stream. In the first place you cast with your wrist, keeping your elbow close in to your body. I mean close, tight." gether they took the shadowed trail, broken rock underfoot, that lined the tumbling, roaring Shadow River.

A shout from Dave halted Dixie.

Cathird

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

The song goes this way . . .

How could they name you

You with your thrush-words

Now it goes that!

On a white bough,

You say Me-o-ow!

Such rippled irony,

Such downright fun,

Why do you tease us?

What have we done?

Are you remarking

"Life is like that!"?

Busy with laughter,

Lyrical, lovely, tailored in gray,

Do choose our garden! Don't go away!

Mocking the cat,

While I am wondering,

After a cat?

"Bring back enough for the crowd, will you, Sis?" he called. "Mr. Henry has hurt his wrist. He'll be all right tomorrow. Nobody else is going out."

"That's a pretty big order," Dixie laughed, "but I'll try." First, however, she established Alice at a likely looking

"Do it all with your wrist," she repeated, illustrating, "and don't let your rod-tip fall too far back. You want an easy, rhythmic motion. Like this, one-two-three. Count like that for a while. You'll find it easier. Now, you try it. One -two-three. That's pretty good. Try it again.

Alice tried it again. And again. Dixie was a good teacher. She was patient and hopeful and she knew so thoroughly what she was trying to teach that Alice found a delight in

learning.
"Look," Dixie cried, "that's a trout bubbling up in that pool over there. Try for him."

And again when Alice's try had been unsuccessful, she urged: "There are plenty more. Look at that big boy. He jumped right out

of the stream. That was a good cast. A dandy. Try it again."
"This isn't any fun for you,"
Alice protested. "You go ahead now. I'll keep on trying. This is fun." Dixie knew she had met another born fisherwoman.

"I guess I will have to get busy, she said reluctantly at last. "It's getting late. I'll cast upstream for a while. You keep right on here. This is one of the best places on

this stretch of water.'

As usual, the moment she began casting Dixie lost count of time, place, and surrounding activity. She didn't know that a deer came down to a pool to drink, nor did she see the two fawns waiting in the shadows. She saw nothing but the stretch of water that lay ahead, the pools that promised returns, and the fly that her skilled wrist was laying on the water, gently, delicately.

It was still early for flies in fast

water. She saw that at once. But up ahead lay a pool where an eddy left calm water from which, two years ago, Dixie had taken a limit. After a half-hour of fruitless effort, she gave up whipping the white-water and made straight for the pool.

THERE it lay, more enticing to a fisherman than a dish of ice cream to a child, a placid, blue-green stretch of quiet water.

"If I could only get across to the other bank," she said to herself. "And—I believe I can. I—really—be-lieve—" the log was shifting a little under her feet, sagging a little with her weight; it was a very small log-"I can.

She could. Three minutes later she was on the other side of the turbulent river, casting her fly straight to the center of the big pool where a twelve-inch trout rose to it open-

'Rainbow," Dixic exulted, and dropped him into the canvas bag tied to her belt.

Followed another rainbow, then a German Brown, and

still another rainbow

"Dave says it can't be done," she exulted to herself. "You can't take more than one fish at a time out of one pool. Phooey!" Four was the limit from that pool, however, and she moved on upstream. Abruptly, she noticed that she was having trouble seeing her fly on the dark water. It was dusk.

In her bag lay twelve trout, beauties.
"Twelve aren't enough," she told herself. "The packers will want some, too." So she went back to the old pool and would, perhaps, still be there, if a shout from Dave on the other bank hadn't recalled her.

She waved a cheerful hand.

"I've got thirteen," she said. "I really don't want one for myself." Then she saw Alice beside her brother. "Did you catch any?'

The other girl shook her head.

'I'm coming out again tomorrow," she shouted eagerly. Then Dave's voice came to her above the roar of water. "How'd you get across?"

Dixie pointed to the log.
"I'm coming back," she said, and started.

> The log was wet; now that the sun no longer glared down on it, it looked remarkably meager to be used as a bridge, and it swayed alarmingly this time. Safe beside Dave, however, Dixie forgot it.

> "Look," she said, and produced two of the biggest fish. Instead of answering, Dave caught hold of her elbow. He turned her around until she was facing the stream.

> YOU look," he answered. Before Dixie's surprised eyes, the log quivered and dipped below the surface of the water. A second later it broke loose and hurtled insanely, furiously, downstream.

> "Well," Dixie took a deep breath. "I got over just in time. But look, Dave. Look at this baby. He was a mile deep, honestly he

> Dave said nothing. Turning, he led the way back to camp, his highheeled riding boots striking angrily on the broken rock of the trail. Behind him, Alice drew close to Dixie.

"I couldn't have done that," she said. "Crossed on that log, I mean. That's what I call courage, Dixie.

Dixie shook her head. Once again Dave had bewildered and hurt her. He'd wanted trout, hadn't he? She had them, hadn't she? But her only response to Alice was a shake of the head.

Dave had nothing to say to her throughout the evening. After a time Dixie's temper rose to meet the situation, and she told herself Dave was getting old, that was all. The care of the ranch on his shoulders was making an old grouch out of him. A fine home-coming he was giving her!

Alice was in bed, and Dixie was undressing, when they heard a rumpus out by the cookstove. Somebody screamed. Dixie reached for her boot and jammed a foot back into it.

"Stay in your tents!" Dave's quiet voice was lifted in admonition.

What is it?" Alice called shakily.

Dave's voice answered her. "It's a bear," he said. "He's coming this way. Stay in your tents."

Was Dixie afraid of bears? Not on your life, she wasn't! In the second part of the story, which will appear next month, you'll see what happens when a wild hear and a fearless girl meet on a mountain trail.

"I Want to, I Must, I Will"

An appreciation of the art and personality of Eva Le Gallienne

By ESTHER G. PRICE

WANT to be a water baby. I must be a water baby! I will be a water baby!" screamed a three-year-old girl from her nursery in an English manor house, much to the consternation of her Danish mother and poet father who were giving a formal dinner party downstairs. It was little Eva Le Gallienne announcing to an amused world her determination to be an actress. And only when her mother told her that the first question a stage manager would ask would be whether she could read or write, was she content to go back to Nanny and the A B C book.

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She had seen *The Water Babies* that afternoon and was stage-struck. Most of us have been at some time. But if this spell merely consists of thinking how wonderful it would be to wear clothes like Helen Hayes, of imitating Dietrich's eyebrows or Norma Shearer's coiffure, a girl's chances of ever becoming a really great actress are small. Indeed, if she persists as far as the stage door, some blunt but truthful manager is apt to tell her to go home and help her mother with the dishes....

At least that is what a manager told a friend of mine once. She looked at him in surprise. "Why, I do that already. And really it isn't the clothes or the fun that make me want to go on the stage. It's that I really think I have something to give."

He took a hard bite into his cigar, looked her over from head to foot, told her to walk across the room, criticized her diction. "Well, that's different. Maybe you'll get somewhere. Go down and see Henry Jewett. He's starting a new repertory. But, mind you, I've warned you. It's

the hardest life on earth. You'd better get married."

That is the question: "Have you something to give?"

Something deep inside you that just has to come out, that you can project through the characters you play so as to enrich the lives of your audience. For it is the inside and not the outside which makes a great actress. Duse was not physically beautiful. Neither was Sarah Bernhardt. But from their eyes, in every graceful movement of their bodies, in the vibrant quality of their voices, beauty radiated.

So mere plainness did not discourage little Eva Le Gallienne from her ambition to be a water baby. She had no illusions about her features. She had often heard her handsome father, Richard Le Gallienne, and his beautiful wife



Photos by courtesy of the White Studios

> PETER PAN, A BABY, AND A SMALL GIRL AT A TEA-PARTY IN NANNY'S HOUSE IN ENGLAND. HESPER SITS AT THE RIGHT, AND NANNY IS SEATED NEXT TO HER

EVA LE GALLIENNE AS

express frank disappointment in their little girl's looks, as in the fact that she wasn't a boy. Yet because of inner beauty, this plain child, now in her thirty-third year, has the world doffing its hat to her because she has crowded into her short career more varied achievements than any actress of her generation, and given to New York the most distinguished repertory theater of the English-speaking world.

At thirty-three, her colorful life gives every stage-struck girl a lot to think about, and a good many signposts along the highroad of drama.

First in the matter of background. Hers was most unusual. From the English nursery, sudden family changes sent her to a Bohemian quarter of Paris with her mother, and only her favorite rag doll, "Bessie," to console her in her homesickness. Imagine yourself suddenly transplanted from a luxurious English manor with winding staircases, rhododen-

dron hedges and rose paths to a tiny walk-up apartment in a foreign city, where none of your companions spoke your

language, and even the parrots talked French.

This is what happened to Eva when her mother took a small studio apartment at 60 Rue Vaurigard, on the left bank of the Seine, and became "Madame Fedora," designer of hats. Fortunately Eva always had a gift of humor, and so she covered her homesickness by teaching the concierge's parrot saucy British words, by playing with a neighbor's turtles and goats (she always adored animals), and roller skating through the Luxembourg Gardens with a little French boy, to buy licorice sticks from a Dutchwoman at one of the stalls. Soon she had made friends with the Luxembourg gardener's daughter, and was invited to roam through the hothouses, and some very special paths not open to the public.

ALMOST immediately on their arrival in Paris, her mother sent her to a convent school to learn French. This she did rapidly, for she was always a lover of language. But she did not do so well with her need!e. In fact, there were tears because, while all the other girls made marvelous buttonholes and embroidery to the rhythm of French classics, she achieved only one painful hem.

It was with great relief, therefore, that she welcomed the transfer, a year or two later, to the Collège de Sévigné, where sewing took minor place, and the arts, major. This was one of the finest secular schools in Paris, which prepared girls for the Sorbonne. Situated in the old Condé palace with its

beautiful parquet floors and high ceilings, its huge mantels from which busts of Voltaire and Molière looked down on the students, this school and its inspiring teachers, who trained the girls to think for themselves, made a tremendous appeal to imaginative Eva. Her resourceful mind developed rapidly and later, when she was transferred to an English boarding school, she found almost intolerable the rigid, formalistic methods and machine-like athletic training. Although she learned tennis and cricket, she never loved them.

Yet, in spite of her rebellion at this phase of growing up, her present breadth of view may be largely the result of her mother's foresight in mixing in such good proportion the romantic Continental background with sturdy Britishness; in developing through athletics a stalwart body for her vivid imaginative mind.

Summers were always looked forward to because

they meant reunion with Hesper, her favorite sister, at their English nurse's home in Farncombe. What fun they had converting an old shed in the garden into a studio, where "Hep" at fourteen wrote "plays and novels," while Eva sketched and painted, and dramatized famous rôles.

Together they got out a magazine, to which they were the sole contributors; and Eva, with the rare combination of artistic and business sagacity which eventually made possible New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, sold it for a shilling a copy to the neighbors. They corralled all the willing old ladies in the vicinity and, with amazing confidence in themselves, gave plays and concerts.

NOT all Eva's time, however, was given to artistic effort. She was an enthusiastic member of the Godalming troop of Girl Guides, and worked hard for her cooking, first aid, botany and horsemanship badges. With irrepressible dramatic instinct, she set off for camp riding a white horse which belonged to her "Uncle Favvy" (William Faversham), her mount astoundingly caparisoned with red velvet and nickel trappings like a steed of King Arthur. She had been reading Jeanne d'Arc, Idylls of the King, and The Count of Monte Cristo.

School days flew by. She devoured Dumas, Molière, Shakespeare, and Dickens. As she walked across the Place de l'Odéon, passers-by would have been surprised to know

that they were jostling Guinevere.

There were gay Christmases in Copenhagen with Grandmother Noregaard, and formal winter evenings in London. But for spring, Paris was her favorite spot. There were more unforgettable matinées, and delightful Sunday afternoons when she drove to Versailles with her mother, to walk enraptured through tapestried rooms and the hall of mirrors, or to watch Louis the Fourteenth pop out of the clock of glass and gold, every time it struck the hour. Afterwards, they would stroll through the beautiful woods back to Neuilly, and float down the Seine in a river boat to Paris.

Then came a Sunday afternoon which marked a turning point in her life. She was taken to the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt to see the "divine Sarah" play "Prince Charming" in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Anyone who ever heard Bernhardt's voice has never forgotten it. But to Eva, a vividly imaginative girl, secretly bent on a stage career, its vibrancy was the awakening of a magical spirit of life. Bernhardt was sixty then, but such was her technique that she played the part of a young boy convincingly. From that day on, Eva had only one aim: to become a part of the theatre, and through it to spread some measure of the beauty she had felt Bernhardt cast like a spell over her. The same determination that showed in her "I want to, I must, I will be a water baby," had developed into an "incorrigible stick-toitiveness" about everything which she felt would contribute to her ultimate aim, and an impatience toward

things which seemed unrelated to it. It is that quality, plus her native artistic talent, which has brought her where she is today. Because of this, and because she is far more interested in the life of the theatre as a forceful, living unit, than in the selfish life of a star, I can think of no one better qualified to give sound advice to a girl with stage longings.

One of her first admonitions is to take every opportunity to hear and to observe keenly those (Continued on page 36)



EVA LE GALLIENNE AS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN "THE SWAN"

Happy Birthday -From Ellen

Feminine wit versus masculine strength offers excitement aplenty in Ellen's latest adventure

By CHARLES G. MULLER

EERING through a window of the airplane's cabin, Ellen Wakefield saw below her a strip of sand that marked the beach in front of the Coast Guard Station. Then the pilot was circling back over Block Island, and the ship was gliding down toward a rolling field bordered by a stone fence. As the ground rose, the girl saw that Tank Beegle, in the seat beside her, also was thoroughly enjoying this last part of their air ride from New London. "Happy birthday, Tank," said Ellen, when

their wheels nearly touched earth. "Glad you came along now?"

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Then the motor roared, the plane spurted, and the pilot struggled to pull back his throttle. Cutting the gun, he kicked his rudder bar to swerve around the jagged end of a stone wall, and dropped the plane into the shallow water of a marsh. The ship settled. And a trickle of water came through the cabin door.

The throttle jammed," explained the pilot, turning. "But there's no real

Ellen saw from obvious signs on Tank Beegle's round face that the past thirty seconds had been a severe strain on her companion's heart.

It looked like my last birthday," Tank declared with a

Letting himself down into the mud in which the plane had bogged, the aviator held out muscular arms and carried Ellen to dry ground. As he turned to go back for Tank, Ellen stopped him.

I remember you," she said. "You're the Coast Guard pilot who loaned me a rubber coat when Halcyon was racing

to Bermuda last year."

The man nodded. "I wasn't going to bring that up," he said diffidently, pushing a soft felt hat back on his tanned

Tank's protesting voice cut in from the plane. "Hey, am I just a stepchild here? Don't forget that this is my birth-

Waving carelessly toward the marooned youth, Ellen glanced searchingly at the pilot.

"Why didn't you want to be recognized?"

"Because-well, because I'm still in the Coast Guard, and I was flying this ship for a friend—on my vacation."

"A bus man's holiday, eh?"

"That's it."

Ellen sensed that he did not want news of his near crack-up to spread. "I'll keep your secret," she agreed.

Finally rescued, Tank was all for action.
"What do you do now?" he demanded of the flyer. The pilot pointed to a ramshackle barn. "Let's put some



THINKS HE'S SMART BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA! of those loose boards under the ship's wheels. Perhaps-

Say, Samson himself couldn't lift those big rubbertired wheels out of that mud!" protest-ed Tank. "I'll phone the Coast Guard instead. It's their job to help people on sea or on land. One of them told me so last month.

Ellen watched the aviator's face. She knew that, more than

would not want his friends in the local Coast Guard unit to know how he was spending his vacation. And here was Tank, urging him to call on them for aid.

'Maybe we can do this ourselves," urged the pilot.

"Not me!" retorted Tank. "I flew over here to have a look at the new boat Miss Wakefield's father has just bought, not to dig airplanes out of swamps. Come on, Eagle-Eye, let's get down to the Old Harbor.

I'LL wait here. You go 'phone Ballard's Hotel, where Dad said he'd be. And," her brown eyes glanced quizzically at the pilot, "you might as well give the New Shoreham Station a ring at the same time."

As Tank strolled across the field toward the nearest road, the pilot shrugged his wide shoulders at the inevitable.

Ellen was having a fine time. Ever since her father's telegram offering to pick her up at Block Island with his new sloop, she had been enjoying herself. Riding with Tank Beegle on an early morning milk train to New London, she had proposed flying to the Island, instead of ferrying on the Pemmaquid.

'No flying for me, thanks," objected Tank. "I think a man's safer with one foot in the water than two in the air."

"Oh, come on," Ellen had urged. "I'll buy you the plane ride for a birthday present."

Tank had hesitated. Then:

"Well, seeing it's the first present you ever gave me, I'll

"I hope it won't be the last."

The youth had eyed her suspi-

The spectacular landing had added to Ellen's enjoyment of the trip from the mainland. And the problem

of getting the plane out of the bog, together with watching the pilot's face when his friends arrived from the local station, promised to be even more fun. For Ellen knew that between the Coast Guard's surfmen and airmen was a great natural rivalry. The rescue of the stranded pilot-on land -would provide the local life-savers with amusement and conversation enough to while away many long and lonely evenings.

Careless of mud and water, the aviator surveyed his ship minutely from propeller to stabilizer for damage, and then

he sat beside Ellen to wait for aid.

"Unless the boys pull her out too roughly, there's no damage except for a half dozen dents in the engine cowl-

THE real damage is to your pride, I'll bet!" The girl smiled, and pointed. "Well, get ready, here they come." Across the field rumbled a dark blue truck bearing three

husky and weather-tanned men, who leaped out and ran to inspect the plane. From behind the automobile wheel slid a slim, dark officer, whose white-topped, visored cap carried the gold insignia of Uncle Sam's Coast Guard Service. With

this officer came Tank Beegle toward Ellen and the aviator.
"Your father hasn't arrived yet," Tank announced.
"Then we might as well stay right here until the plane's pulled out," replied Ellen contentedly. "Dad probably didn't

figure on us before the afternoon ferry.'

She turned from Tank to watch the pilot, for the newcomers had discovered who he was.

"You certainly know your stuff, aviator," jibed the slim officer. "When in trouble, always call on the Coast Guard."

A two hundred and twenty-five pound surfman, pulling on high hip boots preparatory to plunging into the swamp, called to the young captain. "Say, Skipper, didn't the Coast Guard use to be a pretty good service until it took in flyers?"

There never was a time," replied the officer, "when a

good sailor wasn't worth ten airmen!"

Tank Beegle turned to Ellen. "That's what I've always told you, Eagle-Eye! Maybe you'll admit now that aviation is just a lot of high-powered publicity.

Ellen shook her head. "If you're so smart, show me how fast you and your seagoing sailors can get this plane on dry

land.

In a hot morning sun, the salvage crew struggled and strained to release the plane from the bog. Perspiration trickled in little runlets off the faces and arms of the laborers as they pried with long plank levers, lifting and tugging on the ship's fuselage and wings. But maneuver as they would, they could not raise her nose high enough to run boards under her wheels.

When the workers had sweated for an hour, Ellen called the pilot aside and pointed to where Tank, stripped for action, was laboring alongside the athletic-shirted seamen.

"That boy friend of mine always thinks he can do everything better than I can. Now he's proving how much stronger he is." Ellen laughed. "I've got an idea that will show him up. Want to hear it?"

"If it will help me get back at those so-called friends of mine," said the pilot, "I'm all ears."

Ellen pointed toward two old telegraph poles lying near the road. "If we'd lash the tops of those poles together and set them up over your ship's nose, we could lift the plane high enough with a block and tackle to slide planks under

her wheels."
"A shear legs, you mean?" He shook his head. "But the foot of each pole would sink in the mud."

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

"That's what they probably think, but I've seen old sailors down on the Sound put board shoes about two feet square on the bottom ends to keep the feet of the poles from sinking. And it works, too."

That's it!" The aviator was enthusiastic, "And they'll tell me they've been figuring to try it all the time.

You don't have to believe them, do you?"

During the next hour, Ellen watched the labor detail rigging the telegraph poles just as she had suggested. And it did her heart good to see Tank bending his back on a shovel, digging a pit thirty yards behind the plane. Into this hole, six feet square and three feet deep, the workers put two stout, crossed boards with an iron ringbolt in their center. From this ring to the top of the shear legs they ran a block and tackle and a long guy rope. When the boards were buried—and technically called a "deadman"—they acted as a very secure anchor to hold the guy to the derrick's two legs which crossed above the plane's propeller. Dropping a chain hoist from the pole's lashing to a bridle around the engine frame, the men lifted the embedded plane inch by inch until finally the mud-covered wheels hung clear of the swamp.

"Now that the brain work's been done," said Ellen to Tank, "you can use your brawn to pull the plane up to dry ground."

Tank's round face flushed, but he was unable to think of a withering retort before the Coast Guard Captain ap-

proached.

"According to Government regulations, you three are distressed mariners," he said with a laugh, "and hence you're entitled to all the succor we can give you. How about a little lunch? We'll finish this job after chow.

As Ellen looked toward the pilot and Tank to learn their answer to the invitation, the Skipper gave the girl a broad

"We'd like to show you our Station, Miss Wakefield," he said, "to prove that my seagoing surfmen have it all over our dizzy flyers.'

Next to Tank Beegle at the long dinner table in the towered white house that overlooked Block Island's Old Harbor, Ellen glanced up at the clock that hung above an old-fashioned wall telephone.

"Only eleven o'clock!" she exclaimed. "Do you always

eat so early?"

THE Skipper nodded. "The men go on Beach Patrol Pretty early.

Helping himself to two big hamburgers and a huge potato, Tank Beegle looked across the table at the husky sailors with whom he had been laboring.

"Guys like us, who really work, don't mind how early we

eat, do we?"
"And you all get so tired eating that you haven't the strength to think-like Miss Wakefield and me," parried the aviator.

A roar of dissent greeted this slander.

Ellen was enjoying herself hugely. The atmosphere of the Station, spic and span as the finest yacht, appealed to her seamanship. And the men, so obviously pleased to have visitors break their routine, were striving to make the meal pleasant.

Ellen turned to Tank. "You never thought the United States Government would throw a birthday dinner for you,

did you, Tank?"

"I certainly didn't," he replied, in the act of consuming a huge dish of canned peaches. "And it's one of the swellest birthday feeds I ever had."

Tank's giant fellow-laborer rose from the table to answer the ringing telephone. "New London calling, Skipper."

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Answering, the Captain repeated the message as he wrote it down:

"Yacht... disabled forty miles east-by-south Block Island. Send Coast Guard cutter with Number 2 Jordan water pump gear, available at Darrow Brothers. Rush!"

Ellen listened attentively. So this was the sort of duty the Coast Guard was called on to perform in between rescuing sailors and ships in storms.

"That means I go to work," said the big surfman, waiting for the Skipper to finish. "Believe it or not, I'm chief machinist's mate around here."

THE Captain was speaking into the receiver. "I'll have it out to the yacht in about four hours. What did you say the name was? Spell it. A-P-H-R-O-D-I-T-E. Yes, I've got it—Aphrodite." He hung up.

Ellen jumped up from the table. "Aphrodite! Captain, that's Mr. Blossom's yacht that rescued us last month. And if his engine's been disabled, it's because he strained it racing to answer our S O S. May I go with you on the cutter?"

ing to answer our S O S. May I go with you on the cutter?"

The Captain shook his head. "Against the rules to take women out."

"How about me?" Tank was on his feet. "I could help you by . . . by . . . well, it's my birthday!"

Laughing, the Skipper hesitated for a moment and then

nodded. "I guess I could fix it all right," he decided. Tank brusquely shoved Ellen to one side.

"Out of my way, Woman. There's man's work to do!"
And dashing through the mess room door after the chief machinist's mate, he jumped into the truck, which headed for Darrow Brothers' engine yard.

Ellen was silent for a few minutes after Tank had departed. Then, as earlier in the day, she drew the aviator aside

"Seeing that Tank is so excited about his birthday, would you help me give him a little surprise present?" she asked.

"I might."

"Then fly me out to the yacht!"
The pilot showed his surprise.

"Don't you see? It'll take them at least four hours to reach the yacht in the cutter. We could fly the forty miles in a half hour. And by beating them," explained Ellen slowly, so that the airman would not miss her point, "we could prove that it's the aviators who come through in a pinch."

Waiting expectantly, she could see that her companion

was considering the idea.
"This gang's certainly given me an awful razzing," the flyer slowly conceded. His face (Continued on page 30)



ELLEN GLANCED SEARCHINGLY AT THE PILOT AS HE CARRIED HER OUT OF THE BOG. "WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT TO BE RECOGNIZED?" SHE ASKED

On With the Dance!

A well known New York dancing teacher gives "American Girl" readers some timely hints on new steps

By ARTHUR MURRAY

If you want to be popular on the dance floor, girls, learn to lead! Don't be afraid that this knowledge will make you propel the boy with whom you are dancing, in the direction that you want to go. After all, the steps are up to him, and it is your move to follow. But boys who are dancewise will know that a girl who can lead will never lag, grow heavy on their hands, and have to be dragged about the floor. Girls who lead understand how heavy a "leaning" partner can be.

So if you want to be the center of the stag line, the girl who glides through every waltz and fox trot, don't be afraid to learn to lead. If you should ask every wistful wallflower if she leads, or if she doesn't, the chances are ever-so-many to a row of zeros that she would shake her head and say: "Oh no, leading makes girls undesirable as dancers!"

But the truth is, that the girls who blossom along the wall are those who have not learned that the easiest way to be

good dancers is to take the initiative when dancing with other girls. Not long ago I received definite proof of this. I wanted to find the best dancers among the girls in a class that I have been conducting in Montclair, New Jersey. There were many more girls than boys, and many of the girls had been forced to learn to lead since the boys wouldn't go around. So I asked the boys to choose the girls whom they considered the best dancers. Those with whom these boys preferred to dance, because they were easier to lead, and more graceful, were put in the first row. Every girl in that group knew how to lead.

Girls who lead have poise. Over and over, I have seen the fact proved that they are the most popular and sought-after. When a cello and violin begin to make a path of music, they are pretty sure that they will be asked to dance down it to that tuneful rhythm. If they aren't, they can ask other girls to dance with them and

enjoy themselves at the

party anyway.

Naturally when a boy is leading you, you won't take the initiative and attempt to pilot him around. But when he is leading you, unconsciously you will make it as easy for him as possible. You will be light on your feet, your hand will be a mere suggestion of a gesture on his shoulder, you will carry your own weight.

Leading will enable you to obtain practice that you otherwise would not get. There are many parties where there are no boys. Afternoons and evenings, when a group of girls collect in a Girl Scout Little House, in somebody's living room, or in the game room at school, they can have a great deal of fun dancing, and get excellent practice at the same time. There is usually a radio, or someone in the group who can play the piano. And if you learn to lead, you will find that your dancing will begin to acquire pep, animation and life.

The average girl who can't lead really says, in effect, to her partner, "Here I am! Push me around!"

If that partner wants to push her out of the door, no one can blame him. But the girl who knows how to lead knows that even the one who is led must put life into her steps. She dances, in other words, instead of just following

or being dragged!

No girl wants to be a drag at a dance, either on her partner, or on the party in general. And no girl needs to be. Remember, at a dance, the thing that matters is dancing. Your dress may be a remodeled last season's frock, but you

came to the party to dance
—and if you know how it
is done, you will spend
your evening doing it.

Dancing will give you freedom, grace and exuberance. It will teach you not to relax too much. If you do, you are stationary. Mobility is the thing you are seeking. It will teach you to forget your body and develop poise. People who know how to dance, I have observed in my many years of experience, know what to do with their hands, their feet, their heads.

If you are one of the girls who think that dancing is too strenuous for warm weather, now that autumn is here and the air is cool, and everybody is full of energy and pep, practice, practice, practice! You must listen to the radio if you want to know what dance tunes

are popular.

To refresh your memory, here are the five basic steps. There are only two



fundamental dances in the world, you know—the fox trot and the waltz. All others are variations of them.

The five basic steps include the Walking Step, the Chassé,

the Waltz, the Balance, and the Pivot.

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Each Walking Step takes up two beats of music. Therefore, it is long and slow. Place the foot forward on the floor at the first beat, toe first, heel barely touching—if you are leading. If you are being led, reach as far backward as possible with the toe. On the second beat, rise slightly on your toes, to give pep and conclude the step.

The Chasse is a quick, short step directly to the side. It is done either to the left or right. For the left Chasse, step directly sidewise to the left, and draw the right foot up to the left. If you are going to the right, it is the right foot that steps sidewise, and the left foot that is drawn up to the

in front of the other when you want to turn. Rock forward, place the entire weight upon the ball of the forward foot, and rise. Lift the free foot from the floor and spin around, making a quarter turn, after which you will bring the free foot down, right behind the other. Practice this and see how easily you will be pivoting in a little while.

OPEN steps are the vogue among the younger set. They require pep and animation. The girl stands at the boy's side. Dips are followed by short running steps, succeeded by more dips.

Besides the "Champagne Waltz," which I introduced, there is only one new dance that is becoming a fad. It is the Carioca which Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers introduced in "Flying Down to Rio." It is simple to learn, and if you

expect to dance this winter, by all

means, learn its steps. The sponsors of the dance have prepared exact instructions which will have you swaying rhythmically, if you can follow them. Here they are: First, do a Fox Trot (walk) step with left foot. Then whirl gracefully into the heel and toe slide (tap first the heel of right foot and then the toe), tapping leg swinging in front of left, to the right and left rhythmically. At each tap you bring the rear foot forward a few inches. The roll is next. Swing from the partial side-to-side position into the full side (girl to extreme right of boy), take three Fox Trots (walking) forward BOYS WHO ARE DANCE-WISE KNOW THAT A GIRL WHO CAN LEAD WILL NEVER LAG, GROW HEAVY ON Illustrations by Ruth King THEIR HANDS AND HAVE TO BE DRAGGED AROUND

right. Be sure, in this step, that your feet touch each time.

Two Chassé steps, taken either to the side, or in a forward position, compose the Two-Step.

The Waltz is a combination of the Walking Step and the Chassé in one-two-three time. As we dance the Waltz today, the accent falls on the Walking Step, and all steps are of equal length and value.

THE Balance is a Hesitation. You step back, forward, or to the side, with your whole weight upon one foot, and rise, pointing the free foot forward, back, or to the side, while your toe just touches the floor.

The Balance needs two counts when used in a Fox Trot, and three when it is part of a Waltz.

The Pivot, as you may have guessed, is just the graceful way of making a turn quickly. See that one foot is directly

and three backward, the man leaning forward as the girl backs, and the girl leaning forward as the man backs.

Now perform the circular rock. Extend your arms. Do the Fox Trot in circles, dipping to the right and to the left. (Take short quick running steps, first five steps circling to left, then five steps to right.)

The "beat" is last. Take a Fox Trot step, strike your toe to your heel, then take another trot and another beat. Keep right on!

When you have concluded, swing back to the original Fox Trot step and start all over again. You will want to. There is something contagious in the rhythm! You don't need the marimbola and the pandeiro of the Brazilian musicians to put you in a mood to do the Carioca.

There are certain dance courtesies, and boys appreciate girls who understand them. Never (Continued on page 43)



Bright Lagoon

PART IV

The story so far: For generations the name "Gaylord of Bright La-

goon" had stood in Florida for success and hospitality, but under the third Jasper Gaylord the great orange plantation had run down. This Gaylord cared more for historical research than for anything except his daughters, Josephine, Mandy and Carroll. The Gaylord girls, attractive and lively, had no companions and no modern clothes, but they managed to be happy nevertheless. They were delighted when the Ashtons, a doctor's family, turned the neighboring plantation into a sanatorium. The Ashton boys, Joel and Jon, proved to be good companions, and the Gaylords were greatly interested in a beautiful golden-haired patient of Doctor Ashton's, Kits Cronin, a girl who seemed to be haunted by some mysterious fear. Mandy and Josephine recognized her, or thought they did, as Catharine Crown, a famous movie star whose photograph they had seen in a magazine.

Pleasant social relations were established between the Gaylords and their new neighbors, but there was no clue to the mystery surrounding Miss Cronin. The Ashton boys themselves were as much puzzled as anybody else. One day at a swimming party given by the Gaylords, the lovely stranger startled everybody by making a lavish offer for "Bright Lagoon." Mandy's heart was almost broken when she found that her father was ready to

sell the plantation.

CTRAIGHT to the familiar refuge of Old King-that tallest, proudest royal palm in all the Florida East Coast-Mandy made her way, just as she had done in her childish griefs and disappointments, back as far as her memory would go.

Bright Lagoon in the hands of a stranger, and Daddy, Josephine, Carroll and herself suddenly become wanderers over the face of the globe was a thought too stunning to be taken in and realized quite yet. She only knew something was twisting her heart to pieces inside her, and that she must get away quickly, before she let the others read what she was feeling.

It had always been Mandy's instinct to be alone in trouble. And this, with the exception of her mother's death, when she had been almost too young to know the full extent of her loss, was the greatest tragedy that had threatened her in her sixteen light-hearted years.

She flung herself down on the warm earth, in Old King's welcome shade, and pressed her hot face against the smooth bark of his trunk. Even now, being Mandy, and hating uncontrolled emotion, she would not let the tears come. Her gray eyes were wet, but she set her teeth savagely, and fought to swallow that hard, painful lump in her throat.

Gradually the storm of rebellion and

bitterness that was seething inside her quieted. Her taut nerves relaxed, little by little, and she turned over on her back, staring up somberly into the green and golden light that drifted down through the swaying palm fronds overhead.

Somebody coughed, an apologetic little cough, not far away, and Mandy hastily raised her bright head on one elbow, and looked in that direction.

I'M sorry, Mandy," Jon Ashton's voice said, from the other side of Old King. "I didn't mean to—to intrude or anything. But I noticed you slip away, back there at the house, and I saw how the thought of Bright Lagoon being sold had hit you. It-well, I think it's a darn shame, and I just sort of hated to let you come off here alone, feeling like that."

Mandy sat up, shaking a stray, tousled lock out of her

eyes, and smiled at him.

"I think it was nice of you to care," she said frankly. "But I'm sorry I let myself seem such a baby. Of course, Daddy's work means everything in life to him, and I've known for some time that he was getting restless; wanting to go off somewhere, to delve into research again. And I knew that the only thing that held him back was our poor deflated income. So perhaps I ought to have foreseen-only-Bright Lagoon-" She choked, perilously close to a betraying sob-



Mandy's suspicions about Kits Cronin are partly confirmed, and a new problem arises

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

"It's belonged to a Gaylord for over a hundred years," she told the boy piteously. "It's—why, it's part of us. Every room in the house, every corner of the grove-there are stories about someone in the family doing something or other in each place. Still," she shook her head determinedly, 'still, I reckon it's never, somehow, meant all that to Daddy. He's really living in the days of knighthood, you know. Not

in Florida, in the twentieth century. "I know," Jon said briefly. He came around to her side of the old palm tree, and sat down, cross-legged, near her. His dark eyes were rather stern, suddenly, but he attempted no meaningless words of consolation. He had never, himself, had a home like Bright Lagoon, with its traditions and family ties, but he had imagination enough to guess what Mandy was feeling.

"It's tough luck, all right."

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MANDY smiled at him, then, a little shyly, and their eyes met in a look that held sympathetic understanding, and the proffer and acceptance of what was to prove a lasting friendship with both.

'That's the way to stand up to trouble! Smile, lady,

smile!" Jon said whimsically, and grinned approval at her. "Maybe

it won't turn out half as black as it looks now. I'd say, after living in the same house with her for a few days, that this Kits person is about as constant in her moods as the wind. Today she's all for owning Bright Lagoon, and playing lady of the manor in grand style. Tomorrow—and that'll be be-fore the deed of sale's signed, I'll bet—she'll have Europe and a castle on the Rhine on her mind, instead. I wouldn't worry too much beforehand.'

Mandy sighed, a long, relieved sigh. "You're a great comfort, Jon Ashton," she told him gravely. "Perhaps it will be like that. Only-if Daddy's really got the idea of selling firmly in his head, he may find another purchaser."

Well, you don't have to worry over that now," Jon reminded her sensibly. "He may not find it so easy to sell, you know. It's pretty quiet and out-of-the-way down here for the fashionable crowd who have the money to spend. It was just chance that directed Dad to Golden Point."

You and Joel don't know who Kits Cronin really is, do you?" Mandy asked him suddenly. "Joel told us the other day she seemed such a mysterious sort of person. And aw-

fully scared of something you couldn't any of you guess the reason for. The boy nodded. "She hasn't showed it

much since we got settled down here," he said. "But certainly coming down on the train she was one badly frightened girl. Locked herself and her maid in her compartment, and

wouldn't even go into the dining car for meals. Kept jumping at sudden sounds, you know, and looking over her shoulder if she heard footsteps when we were in the station."

"Io and Carroll and I think she's really Catharine Crown, the movie star, Mandy said, and smiled at his look of amazement.

You'll see the likeness, when we

this month's Movieland. I know she's supposed to be resting somewhere in Europe, but she might have given that information out to the press, mightn't she? If she'd had some very special reason, I mean, for wanting to get away for a time? Perhaps Cronin really is her own name-you see how closely the two names are alike. We've been simply bursting to talk it over with Joel and you ever since Josephine and I first saw her, by chance, in our grove,



Gentians May Not Stay

BY RACHEL FIELD

Gentians may not stay

In accustomed places.

A season, maybe two,

Folding up their blue

As bands of gypsies do,

At the edge of frost.

Dim and ghostly blue

Gentians may not stay,

They are gypsies, too,

Fugitive as lost tunes,

Brief as morning dew.

On the Autumn air.

Peddling charms and laces

But when they have gone

Wood smoke lingers there,

Fringes secretly

And they will steal away,

that afternoon we called on your mother, you remember."

In answer to his interested look, she went on eagerly to pour out the tale of the song Kits had sung, that Josephine

and she believed to be the theme song from Maid of France.

"That night at your house at dinner, she didn't look so much like the photograph, in her evening things," she admitted honestly. "You may not have noticed, but she wore her hair a new way that night—that changed her a lot. But today she's so like Catharine Crown she just simply has to be her—or her twin sister, which I've never heard Catharine Crown possessed."

"But what do you suppose it means?" Jon demanded.
"It sounds sort of—silly, even to think it, I know," Mandy confided to him, "but it does look awfully as if she were

running away from something—or somebody—that had frightened her pretty badly out in California. That would explain her keeping in her stateroom on the train, and her relaxing now that she feels safe and far away from everything, down here. But—what could it have been? They had picked her for Joan of Arc, you know, and she threw it away, and went to Europe. I mean, that's what the magazine article said."

I SUPPOSE Dad must know, or he wouldn't have brought her down here," Jon said slowly. "I remember how quickly he shut us up, when Joel and I asked him some questions about her. And you heard her, just now, when she offered to buy Bright Lagoon. She appealed to Dad to tell your father she was good for the money."

"Well, perhaps we'll know all about it before the winter's over," Mandy laughed. She jumped to her feet, and Jon followed suit. "I'm not being very polite to my guests, am I?" she asked contritely. "Running off, like this. But I feel a lot more cheerful now, thanks

to you. So we had better get back to the party, hadn't we?"
They strolled back to the house, still conjecturing about the mystery, and found the rest of the Gaylords and their guests in Jasper's study.

This was a long room, lined with books, and containing very little furniture, except the big, old-fashioned mahogany desk, and the high-backed chair behind it. There was also one long mahogany bench, cushioned in faded red, that ran beneath the only windows in the room, in the east wall, and here Dr. and Mrs. Ashton had found seats, with Josephine between them, and Joel perched precariously on one of the window ledges.

Jasper Gaylord was seated in the desk chair, and Kits Cronin, her hat off and her fantastically golden hair making a gleam of light in the room, was seated, cross-legged like some incongruous, feminine Buddha, on the flat top of the heretofore sacred desk itself. Carroll, her face faintly troubled, stood beside her, her eyes moving from her father's absorbed face to Kits' eager, vividly expressive one.

For Jasper was reading aloud, in his mellow, beautifully modulated voice, from his typewritten manuscript of the book on knighthood. And Mandy saw, with a quick throb of pride in him, that he was holding his audience enthralled.

Familiar as Mandy was with the text of that many-timescopied history, she found herself thrilling anew as the bright tapestry of high deeds, of brave knights in plumes and shining armor, and beautiful ladies, unrolled before her in the simple, yet oddly vivid words Jasper had found to bring the

long-dead centuries to life again in that dusky room of today.

Outside, the hot Florida sunshine spangled the palms, and turned the Bougainvillea that dropped low over the library windows to flame. A long, thin shaft of it slipped between the faded red curtains and touched Kits Cronin's bent, golden head.

Jasper's beautiful voice went on and on, weaving its spell. He had not adopted the usual dry historical form for his narrative; nor yet one that was purely of the fiction school. He had taken a hundred years out of the heart of the Middle Ages, and traced the rise and fall of several great families of those times, who in one generation had sent their sons to the Holy Wars with Richard of the Lion Heart, and carried chivalry to its highest peak of romance and daring.

He had then followed various members of these families, tracing their history and exploits down through that century of glory, each time weaving new bright tapestries full of action and color. Mandy, who had copied the whole book, could read ahead mentally, at the mention of each familiar name, and know where each particular thread led, and with how many shining strands of adventure it was crossed. She felt herself glowing over the sudden conviction that here was something much more unusual than she had known.

Then Jasper came to the end of a chapter, and laid the manuscript down with a deprecating clearing of his throat. He had not, when Kits Cronin had first coaxed him to read her a few pages from his book, meant to accede to the flatteringly phrased request.

Then, when he had been forced to yield or seem ungracious, he had, as usual, lost track of everything outside the pages before him, and had read much more of his history than he had intended. He was suddenly stiff with embarrassment, in the fear of having bored his audience, and glanced anxi-

ously at their faces in turn.

Each one showed interest, and in a greater or lesser degree, the same half-dazed look of being suddenly brought back to the present from another and more thrilling land.

"By George, Gaylord, that's great stuff you've got there!" Dr. Ashton ejaculated impulsively. "I wish you'd give us another reading soon, sir, if you can spare the time. You've only whetted our appetite with this first installment."

I'D like to act some of it," Kits cried eagerly. She beat an incredibly small, white fist on the desk top beside her to emphasize her words. "There's wonderful play material in that book, Mr. Gaylord. You want to look out for the dramatic rights, when it's published. I wonder—" she turned her shining head, tilted up to look into Mandy's face a few inches above her—"if we couldn't get up a little play of our own, while I'm down here? Just to help pass the time. I—I used to be on the stage," she confessed, and frowned as if at some unpleasant recollection. "I know how it should be done."

Mandy's eyes met Jon's across the room, a question in both the gray and the dark ones. Kits admitted having been on the stage, but didn't mention the screen. Had Catharine Crown started on the real stage, after all? Or were they following some will-o'-the-wisp of a too-active imagination?

lowing some will-o'-the-wisp of a too-active imagination? "Oh, I'd love that!" Josephine was saying, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Mandy, amused, could almost see visions of a future Hollywood chase one another

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0 n through her sister's brain. Jo was a darling, she thought.

"I'm afraid it would take a bigger cast than we can mus-ter, Miss Cronin," Jasper objected, smiling, but obviously pleased, too. "And a bigger stage, for that matter. To be worth doing, this would have to be done on a large scale, or it wouldn't get across the footlights. And then, I very much doubt if our costuming resources are up to such a demand

Y OU leave all that to me," Kits said, prettily confident.
"I've thought of a way to meet every one of your objections. But I'm not going into all that now. I'll want to read the whole book first, if you'll let me, so I can pick the parts

She seemed to take Jasper's assent for granted, for she swung about to face Mandy again, as if she sensed that any opposition to her charming self and her plans, lay here.

She smiled slowly, her big velvety eyes very soft and warm with feeling.

"You're hating me a little right now, aren't you, Mandy Gaylord?" she asked, in a low voice. "For wanting to buy Bright Lagoon? But I wish you wouldn't. I-I've simply got to have this place. It's taken possession of me. I need the peace there is down here. Have you ever been afraid?" she demanded suddenly.

huskily thrilling voice. "Ever since I can remember, I've been a coward-here, inside me." She laid one hand lightly on her breast, and went on insistently.

Things other girls didn't seem to notice, or worry about, frightened me. We were awfully poor—and I used to worry about sickness, and—and dying. Sometimes we were pretty hungry. My mother and father were both artists. Nothing seemed to frighten them. They laughed at what I was afraid of, and-at me. So I never dared to talk to them about it. But I never seemed able to learn to stand up and-and fight. It was easier to run away.

She broke off abruptly, and a warm wave of red stained her cheeks, flooding up to her eyes, and down to the lovely, long curve of her throat under her chin. She added, hurriedly, as if regretting her impulsive confidences, "I was just trying to explain that I don't believe I'd ever be afraid down here. I've offered your father a very generous price for the place. Much more than he could possibly get in the open market, in these times.'

"It-isn't that," Mandy said, stumbling a little over the difficulty of explaining what had to be felt to be understood. "It's just that Bright Lagoon is ours. It's—family." She stopped, confused in her turn,

because Kits Cronin so obvi-

ously didn't, and couldn't, un-

derstand. To her a house like



Illustrations by Leslie Turner "THAT'S FUNNY!" SAID MY PATHER. "I THOUGHT I HAD AT LEAST TWO DOLLARS IN MY POCKET"

The Flat-

By
ELLIS
PARKER
BUTLER

porch at one o'clock. Does that click, Chief?"

"O. K., Inspector," Betty said in a regular Scotland Yard tone, and at one o'clock Thursday Dot and Betty and I were all three on our porch hammock, ready for our Club meeting. The only reason we were not beginning right off was that Dick Prince and Arthur Dane had come up the walk, and were teasing us as usual about girls trying to be detectives. They got a grand lot of fun out of that.

"Now, please!" Betty begged. "Go away and let us have our meeting. Come back in half an hour if you want to."

BY that time you'll have the missing papers, and the victim will be identified, and the murderer in jail, I suppose," Dick Prince laughed. "Come away, Art, and let these female Sherlocks use their massive brains. We'll go talk to Silas."

Well, Silas is the colored man who cuts the lawns for everybody on our block, and here and there in our part of town, and he was pushing his lawn mower, cutting our grass down near the front walk. Dick and Arthur started to go to

him, but just then my father came out of the house. He had had his lunch, and was going back to his store downtown. The boys stopped to say hello to him.

"How are you, boys?" my father said, standing at the top of the porch steps while he lighted a cigar. Silas came across the lawn to the foot of the steps. He held his cap in his hand, and he grinned rather nervously.

"Excuse me, boss," he said to father, "but could you lemme have two dollahs? You owes me one dollah from de last time I cut de grass, and this time'll be anothuh dollar, which am two dollahs. I wouldn't ask you fo' payment, boss, only but Dan'l Webster Washington Smith, he wants I should pay him five dollahs what I owes him. He come round to my house last night, but I ain't got no money fo' him."

"Certainly you can have two dollars, Silas," my father said. "And where is Daniel Webster Washington Smith? He doesn't seem to be helping you today."

Silas was having so many lawns to cut this year that he had to have someone to help him, so he had this boy, Daniel Webster Washington Smith, work with him.

"I reckon Dan'l Webster went fishin' today," Silas grinned. "Leastwise he says last night how him an'

THINK one of the best mysteries our Detective Club ever solved was the crime of the flat tire. When I say that our Detective Club solved it, I mean, of course, that Betty Bliss did most of it, although Dot Carver and I helped. I am willing to give all the credit to Betty Bliss because if it hadn't been for Betty, we would not even have known there was a crime, or a mystery.

Our Club met every Thursday and there were just the three of us in it—Betty and Dot and I. The constitution of the Club said "Object—To solve crimes and mysteries," because Betty Bliss said she didn't see why girls couldn't be as smart detectives as anyone else.

Anyway, on Wednesday Betty said to me, "The Club will meet at your house tomorrow evening, Madge. Dot and I

will come over after dinner."
"Betty, we can't," I told her. "I'm awfully sorry, but Father and Mother are taking me to the concert tomorrow night. Let's skip this one meeting."

"No," Betty said, "we've got to have a meeting tomorrow. If we begin skipping meetings, we'll presently stop having meetings. Then our Club will just fizzle out. We can meet after lunch tomorrow."

We can meet after lunch tomorrow."
"That will be all right," I said. "I'll tell Dot. On my front

Tire Mystery

The boys always laughed at the "Tenth Street Yard Detective Club," but when Superintendent Betty Bliss found a real crime, they did their best to help

some other culled boys is goin' fishin' today. Yes, suh!" Well, father had put his hand in his pocket, but he pulled it out again empty. For a moment he looked puzzled.

"Pshaw!" he said then. "I thought I had two dollars in my pocket, but I gave it to your mother, Madge. I'll tell you what you can do, Madge-drive down to the store a few minutes after I leave and I'll give you the money for Silas."

'All right, Father," I said. I offered to get the car and drive Father down, but he said he preferred to walk on such a fine day, and he did. So I said we could all drive down as soon as we girls had held our Club meeting. Dick Prince and Arthur Dane went with Silas, and lay on the grass talking to him while he pushed the mower back and forth.

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Our Club meeting did not amount to much, because we had had no crimes that week. The minutes of the meeting that I wrote in the Club record book were these:

"The Tenth Street Detective Club met and Superintendent Bliss presided. Inspector D. Carver reported that there were no mysteries just now. Inspector M. Turner said that if the Club didn't have anything else to do, it might help her find the automobile keys she lost. Superintendent Bliss said lost keys were not a mystery unless there was a crime. The meeting adjourned because Inspector M. Turner had to go downtown."

A^S soon as we adjourned the meeting, I yoo-hooed to the boys, and they got up off the grass and came to the porch. They talked to Betty and Dot while I went to the house to borrow Mother's car keys, because mine were lost. Then we all walked around our house to our garage, and I unlocked the door and opened it.

"Well, thank goodness for that!" Betty said as I swung the first half of the door open.

"What are you thanking good-

ness for?" I asked her.
"I'm thankful that somebody oiled the door hinges," Betty said. Those hinges have been making a wail like a cat in agony.

I knew that. Many a night when

Father and Mother had been out somewhere with the car, I had been awakened when they came home. It was always the same noise—"Thump" as Father got out of the car and slammed the car door, and then "Screak-squawk" as he closed one half of the garage door, and "Squawk-squeak" as he closed the other half. Now the one half of the garage door had opened silently. I looked at the hinges and saw



YOU SEE THE DRY MUD STILL CLINGING TO THIS TIRE?" SAID BETTY. "WELL, IT'S GRAYISH"

where oil had been used—plenty of it, and quite recently. "I suppose Father got tired of the squeak," I said. "He does get around to oiling things if you give him time."

Dick Prince had taken hold of the other wing of the door, and he swung that half open now. It gave the same unearthly squeal that it had always given.

squeal that it had always given.
"Your father must have run out of oil before he got to

this half," Dick said with a laugh.

"I guess he got tired," Art Dane said, also laughing. "There's plenty of oil in the can."

He had picked up a small oil can that was standing on a pile of ten or twelve bricks at the side of the garage. The pile of bricks had been there for years, I suppose; I can't remember when they were not there. He shook the can, and there certainly was oil in it. He said he might as well finish the job and he closed that wing of the door again and oiled the lower hinge, but he was not tall enough to reach the upper hinge. He looked around for something to stand on and saw the pile of bricks. He was just about to take a couple of them when Betty Bliss stopped him.

"Wait a minute!" she ordered. "I want to look at those

bricks, Art."

"What now?" Art asked, grinning at her. "Is Old Sleuth Betty Bliss on the job again? Does the freckled nose of the she-Sherlock of Tenth Street scent a crime?" "My nose is not freckled," declared Betty.

"The Mystery of the Unoiled Hinge, or Who Stole the Brick?" Dick Prince laughed, and he pretended to be quot-

ing from a book." "The dauntless girl detective cast one eagle-glance at the pile of bricks and said, "Ah ha! There has been dirty work at the crossroads, Watson; this is the work of One-Eyed Pete." "

"What is it, Betty?" I asked.
"What did you think you saw?"
"Oh, nothing, I guess!" Betty
said. "It doesn't matter."

She did not care to have the boys teasing her about clues and snooping and the Detective Club, and I did not blame her, because they are certainly terrible teasers. Art piled a couple of bricks and stood on them, and oiled the upper hinge. He put the bricks back on the pile and swung the half-door open—it did not squeak now—and we all went into the

Now, our car is a sedan, one of the low-priced cars, and two or three years old. It is what is called a four-door car, and I went to the forward door on the driver's side and was just about to open it and get in, when Dick Prince called to me.

"Say, Madge," he said. "Here's the bad news—you've got a flat

"Oh, figs!" I exclaimed, for if there is anything I hate it is to find a tire flat just when I am ready to go somewhere. "Wouldn't that make a saint mad? Well, we'll have to take it off and put on the spare, that's all."

Art was already taking off his

coat. He walked to where the spare tire was fastened on the rear of the car, and hung his coat on a nail. The spare tire was brand new—Father had got it a day or two before, because all our tires were pretty well worn, and he expected one or another of them to blow out any time. We needed a whole new set, but you know how scarce money is sometimes.

So Art Dane began to take the new spare tire from the rack that held it at the rear of the sedan, which was easy enough because the lock there was broken, and the spare could be lifted off after a nut was unscrewed. Dick was rolling up his sleeves and hunting up tools, getting ready to jack up the axle, and Betty was just standing. There was nothing she needed to do, with two boys on hand who were quite able to change a tire. Suddenly Betty stooped down.

"Madge," she said, "look at this tire, will you? This is

funny, isn't it?"

"What's funny?" I asked. "A flat tire is about the last thing in the world that I'd call funny, Betty."

CALL it odd, then—or queer," Betty said. "Look at the rip in this tire. Look at the size of the hole in it. That was a blow-out, Madge, not a slow leak."

"Well, what of it, Betty?"

"Why, this seems queer to me," Betty said. "You see the dry mud that is still clinging to this flat tire? It is grayish, isn't it? And look at that other tire—the dry mud on it is brownish, like clay. Now, how would one tire have one kind of mud, and the tire right in front of it have another kind

of mud?"
"Well----

"And look here, see how easily this gray mud flakes off the flat tire? There's none of it from the garage door to here, and there ought to be if this tire rolled in while on the car. And look at the floor under this axle—I'd say that a jack had been used there to raise the axle, and that it had been used quite recently."

"What is it?" Dick asked, coming to see what we were talking about. But now that Betty had called my attention to the tire, I saw something, too.

"But, Betty!" I exclaimed.
"Betty, that's not one of our tires.
That's a W & P tire, and we've never had anything but Crescenta tires. We never, never had anything but Crescenta tires on this car."

Betty's fingers were a little dusty from touching the flat tire. She stood up now and brushed her fingers together to get rid of the dust, and she looked at Dick and Art with a smile that had fun in it.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dick," she said, "but I'm afraid we girls will just have to be detectives for a little while. It's terribly silly of us, isn't it? But you'll forgive us for being so childish, won't you? You see, Dick, tires just don't change from one kind to another, do they?"

"No? (Continued on page 44)



"The Hair of Your Head"

Some suggestions on the new styles of hair dressing, and how to keep your bun, wave, or bob in shining order

THE hairbrush has suddenly become one of our most cherished possessions. Now please do not misunderstand me. It has always been necessary. But now it is also fashionable. Right now we all want to have shiny, healthy, brushed hair. Swept-backfrom-the-face and brushed-up-at-the-back hairdressings are in fashion, and the easiest way to manage them is to brush the hair. Regularly, faithfully, and correctly. So it has seemed to me that perhaps I ought to write to you again about brushing.

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Brushing should not be done sloppily and half-heartedly. You know—just slicking the brush down over the outer surface of the hair, and never getting in to the roots of it, or disturbing the under layers. You can waste a lot of time this way with your poor scrales.

of time this way with very poor results.

Expert hairdressers separate your hair into strands and brush vigorously up and out from the scalp. You can do this, too, holding the ends of each strand out from the head with one hand while you brush with the other. Or, if you haven't the strength, the patience, or the time, to do this, there is another method that you can use. You can lean over and let your hair flop like a crazy woman's about your face, while you brush vigorously, from the scalp to the ends, being careful to go over all the hair.

In the hairdressing salons they pause between brushings to wipe the brush on a clean towel, and you really ought to do this, too, for there is no sense in brushing out the dirt, and then brushing it in again. They (the salons) use brushes with good stiff bristles, well-spaced so that they get through the hair, and so that they can be kept clean easily. There is a new brush on the market with specially cut bristles that make brushing much easier, and much more effective. A brush, I might add, that is easily cleansed.

Brushes should be washed with pure soap and warm water, thoroughly rinsed in cold water and set on their sides to dry in the fresh air. They should be washed at least once a week—or oftener if they get dirty.

Girls frequently ask me how often they should wash their hair, and the best answer I know is "when it gets dirty." Your shampoo schedule depends a good deal on the kind of hair you have. Some hair seems to pick up dirt easily, and cling to it. It is largely a matter of natural oil, I suppose. Such hair, naturally, must be washed more often than hair that keeps itself cleaner.

The care you give your hair, especially the brushing, regulates its cleanliness to some extent, and affects its shampoo needs. The kind of country, town, or city, you live in is also important. Manufacturing centers and dusty, dry climates are dirt collectors for hair and, if you live in this kind of place, you will need to wash your hair more often than if you live in a rain-washed countryside.

And then, of course, there is the time of year. You know how, in warm weather, your head is apt to perspire, how dust clings to damp hair and scalp, and how unpleasant



By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

stale perspiration can be. Here you have another good reason for more frequent shampooing.

And now, after all this general conversation on the subject, I will say that the nearest I can come to specific

advice is to tell you that most people need to wash their hair at intervals of one to two weeks. You will have to figure out your own individual schedules for yourselves.

HOWEVER, though the time schedules for hair-washing may vary, the method is pretty well fixed. Use plenty of soap and warm water. Lather well and scrub thoroughly, not only your scalp but all your hair, to the very ends. Rinse carefully and then go through the washing process once more, applying more soap lather and scrubbing again. The final rinsing should be particularly thorough, and still with warm water. This leaves the hair softer, I think, than cold water does. Have ready warmed bath towels and, as soon as you finish rinsing, rub scalp and hair vigorously to get out as much water as possible.

If you can dry your hair in the fresh air it is a splendid thing to do, and in warm weather this ought to be possible. Toss your hair about, and rub it and your scalp frequently with your rough towel. Do not use your brush or comb until your hair is nearly dry. Then brush it thoroughly, and if you want to encourage a wave, shape it with your fingers, put in some wave-setting combs, and finish the drying.

One of the most important things for a healthy scalp and fine hair is a good circulation of blood in the scalp. Brushing the hair helps the circulation, but even more important is massage. Do you know how to do this correctly?

In massaging you should use the palms and the cushiony ends of the fingers—not the tips, which are apt to scratch the skin. Start at the outer edges of the hair and work up to the crown of the head, using a (Continued on page 43)

Sue Visits Jugoslavia

sailing away from Venice on a small Dalmatian freight boat

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS



HEN Sue woke up that morning and stretched sleepily, her hand bumped something hard; and as she bounced upright in surprise, her head struck something else. By this time her eyes were wide open and she saw she was sitting in a bunk, with another bunk close above her. Then an absurd little "toot-toot-toot" drew her to the porthole, and she saw a stately four-masted square-rigger, with yellow and orange sails. Behind it the blue sea

was dotted with emerald islands, and sailboats with russet lateen sails. This was exciting! She jumped into her clothes, banged on her mother's stateroom door in passing, and flew up to the deck.

When Sue and her mother and father had gone to the steamship office the day before, in Venice, to ask about sailing down the coast of Dalmatia, they were told that the big boat had left that morning, and that there wouldn't be another for a whole week. But afterward as they were walking along one of the quaint Venetian streets, feeling rather crestfallen, they passed a small steamship office with posters in the window which said something about Dalmatia. They went inside and found that there was a small freight boat, with comfortable quarters for a few passengers, leaving Venice in about three hours.

So they rushed back to their hotel, packed in a tremendous hurry, did a final errand or two, and hunted up a gondolier to take them out into the lagoon where the ship was anchored.

"What about this Dalmatian freight boat?" said Sue's father to the gondolier, beginning to feel a little doubtful.

"She vera leetla sheep, Senor, and ze—how you say—Adriatico Ocean, she vera beeg."

Soon he pointed to a little white ship in the lagoon—very white and very little. As the gondola slid under her side, several sailors with vivid scarfs tied around their heads peered out of portholes. There was something about those scarlet kerchiefs and ferocious mustachios that made Sue and her mother a little shivery, but the nice young officer who spoke broken English assured them that everything would be all right, and showed them to their clean and shining staterooms.

SUE thought she had never in her life seen anything so beautiful as Venice fading in the distance under a sunset sky. And when they had eaten their picnic supper—crisp rolls with an Italian cheese, strawberries from a leaf-lined basket, and white wine with delicious little Venetian cakes - she speechless with delight. Presently the full moon came up over the rim of the sea, and somewhere from the deck below rose the voices of the sailors. She went to the rail and peeked over. There they were, those brigands and pirates, sitting or lying about the deck, singing tender plaintive songs the folk songs of Dalmatia, so the captain told them. It was long past Sue's usual bedtime before she could be persuaded to leave the music and the moonlight. She went to sleep at last to the sound of water



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Now, in the glorious morning, the steamer was coming into the crescent bay of Sebenico, wide white sands stretching up to the amphitheater of green hills about the little port. The buildings shone in the morning sunlight, and Sue fairly hopped with excitement as she pointed everything out to her father and mother when they appeared on deck. Fisher people in bright kerchiefs and vivid costumes were to be seen along the beach, the women jauntily balancing flat baskets of fish on their heads, and the men working with their nets. The lateen sails of the fishing boats were glowing yellow, russet and red.

While their ship unloaded and reloaded freight, the three of them wandered about the town, lingered in the shady park, climbed to the castle on the hill, and saw with surprise that many of the buildings looked as if they might have sailed over from Venice themselves. It was interesting to know that other voyagers from that fair city had been down the Dalmatian coast before them, centuries and centuries ago, architects and painters along with the traders, and even jewelers, for the jewelry had the delicate filigree look of that Sue had seen in Venice. When the whistle blew, they hurried back to the ship-their private yacht they laughingly called it, as they were the only passengers on

As they drew near to Spalato, Sue saw an arcaded palace stretching along the waterfront. When she looked again, she seemed to see only the buildings of a town. Her father watched her puzzled expression for some time.

HINK you are seeing double, eh, Sue?" he asked. "This is one of the most interesting towns in the world. Diocletian, a Roman emperor, built his summer palace here, back in the second or third century, and the columns which you see are part of that ancient structure. But about 600 A. D. refugees from Salona fled to this palace for protection, and here fortified themselves against the Turks. They built an entire town within the walls of a palace originally intended for one family and its servants, and there are now some three thousand people living within the walls. The pagan temple built to Jupiter in the third century is now a Christian baptistry. What would the slaves of Diocletian think if they could see his palace now?"

Sue could hardly wait to get off the boat and go exploring. They poked about the quaint village, with houses like swallows' nests perched in every nook and cranny in the old palace. Here they picked out columns and arcades that Diocletian had built, here the tumble-down ancient dwellings of those early refugees who fled from the Turks and, in the midst of all this antiquity, an occasional modern building. The men wore outside vests jingling with round silver buttons, buttons that were part of the treasure-trove of the family, handed down from father to son. The women had high caps with kerchiefs tied over them, and more silver buttons. Some of the young girls wore their dowry around their necks, chain after chain from which dangled silver coins, and string after string of coral. In this way the young men could tell at a glance whether a girl was rich as well as beautiful.

ACK again to the boat! Another night of moonlight and Back again to the board of the music, and on down the coast to Ragusa, the pearl of the Dalmatian coast. Shining white, it rose from the blue sea. Around it stood tall cypresses and spreading palms, and in the distance the amethyst hills paled against a turquoise sky. Only jewel-words could describe its sparkle and gleam, thought Sue.

The boat dropped anchor in the harbor, a little way from Ragusa, and Sue and her father and mother drove in a carriage through the shining gate, above which rode Peter, the patron saint of Ragusa, on his carved stone horse. It was a fascinating street, with Venetian architecture, beautiful churches and cloisters, and people in brilliant costume. On one side, the houses were built so straight up the steep hillside that the streets were steps, and the roofs towered above one another. On the other side opened the beautiful public square, almost as full of (Continued on page 46)

EVERYBODY GAINED SOMETHING AT CAMP ANDREE THIS SUMMER—EVEN THE KITTEN GAINED—AND WILL THEY KEEP IT UP!

Camp This Year W



READY FOR THE HOMEWARD TREK—MEMORIS OF CAMP FIRES, NEW FRIENDS, (AND MAYIN A TOUCH OF POISON IVY?) ALL JUMBLED IN A DETERMINATION TO RETURN NEXT YIM



THEY'LL BE BACK
EACH WEEK-END
IF NEBUCHADNEZZAR DOESN'T
GROW TOO FAT
TO GET INTO POSITION BETWEEN
THE SHAFTS



"TIME TO STRIKE THE TENTS! I WONDER WHO'LL BE MY TENT-MATE NEXT YEAR. WILL IT BE YOU?"

s Better Than Ever

Camp may look as if it were all over, but the trail goes right ahead



WHY NOT MAKE A PARTY OF THE INEVITABLE RETURN? THESE GIRL SCOUTS ARE RIDING HOME IN A HAY-WAGON—AND LIKING IT!



ALL HANDS HERE ARE FIRST CLASS APPRENTICED MARINERS OF THE L.S.U.F.S. (LITTLE SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL) BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

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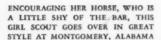
A CAMPER'S CACHE OF FOODSTUFFS. KEPT COOL THROUGH THE EVAPORATION OF THE WATER, WHICH COMES HALFWAY UP THE TIN CONTAINERS

"HORSES" LINE UP FOR THE TWO MILE EVENT AT A MOST INGENIOUS RODEO, CAMP CASTLE ROCK, BUTTE, MONTANA

A Girl Scout is Always

OUR

for fun, accidents, or the pleasant use of





A Horse Show at Montgomery

ISS KATRINE NICKEL, Local Director, Montgomery, Alabama Girl Scouts, sends us the following interesting account of the Horse Show held at Crampton Bowl on April twenty-first:

"The Third Annual Horse Show, sponsored by the Girl Scout Council of Montgomery, Alabama, was a real success. The Mounted Troop under the direction of Mrs. Vernon Olsmith, Maxwell Field, is the nucleus around which the Show is built. Quite a few out of town entries were made, bringing in a really splendid group of horses.

"The Show this year included Three-gaited and Five-gaited Classes for adults and children, Pair Classes for Horses and Ponies, Jumping Classes for Horses and Ponies. The feature of the Show was the Plantation Class, owners to ride, which brought in riders wearing white trousers, blue coats, and straw hats. Such a group of nodding, ambling, walking horses as was seen in that Show would create interest among horsey folks at any time!"

Pictures of some of the Girl Scouts of the Mounted Troop, who took part in the Horse Show, are given above.

Campers' Luck

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT: It was a beautiful day when the Girl Scouts of Troop Twenty-seven started for Camp Trefoil. When we reached our destination, the first thing to do was to open the mess hall, change into camp clothes, and then make up our cots.

Of course our captain divided us into patrols. When this was done, we began to get hungry—and no wonder, as it was supper time! Believe me, we sure did eat. Then came the caper that I, for one, am not especially fond of, and that is dish-washing. But being a Scout I joined in with the rest.

The next half hour was devoted to rest, and for each patrol to get up a stunt to do at camp fire. During this time there was much whispering and tittering going on.

We took our blankets, sweaters, and flash lights, as we were going out a little way beyond camp for our camp fire. The first patrol presented a skit entitled Citronella and the Rubber Slipper. The second presented a playlet, and the third demonstrated merit badges. After much laughing and applauding, the announcement was made that one of our Scouts had donated marshmallows. We sang songs by the firelight, and munched our much appreciated sweets as an accompaniment.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO WEST TO SEE GOOD RIDING; THIS GIRL SCOUT TAKES HER JUMPS IN MONTGOMERY

REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

STAR

SUZANNE GOODNOW of Troop Two, Winnetka, Illinois has the honor of being named Star Reporter for September. Suzanne writes:

"It was a delightfully bright, sunny morning when sixteen adventurous girls, with their leaders, left Timber Trail Camp for a 'Penny Hike.' The plan for this hike was entirely new. We carried nothing but a copper penny and nose-bag lunches tied to our belts.

"Until the first fork in the road, the future of our hike was a mystery. When we reached it, we said in unison, 'Heads is right, and tails is left,' and tossed the penny to see in which direction we should go. Left it was, whether or no, and on we trudged, singing merrily.

"This procedure was repeated at each fork in the old lumber road, and it seemed for a time as if we might be obliged to return to camp, if the penny kept us turning so, but then our luck changed and off we went in another direction.

"When we all felt that the lunches were too heavy on our belts and our stomachs too empty, we halted at a suitable spot to have our snacks. This was a picturesque old shack on the edge of a gem of a blue lake, surrounded by thick woods. This stop was great fun, what with exploring, nature hunting, cooking over the big fire, and even having the calm of the lake disturbed by a splash when one of the girls slipped from a mossy log and fell in. We dried her clothes over the fire, however, and the warm sun and hot air soon fixed everything.

"Taking up the penny again, we started on our way. The afternoon walk was slowed up a bit by a stop in a fine blackberry patch. By evening, just by luck, we arrived at another lake, near camp, and on its white sand beach we cooked a delicious supper. Then very tired, but so happy too, we lay on our backs in the sand to watch the great white moon come up behind those black, silhouetted pine

trees of the far northland."

Prepared~

unexpected leisure time



HOME FROM A HIKE AT PINE MOUNTAIN CAMP, GEORGIA, ONE SPRAINED ANKLE IN A SCOUT-CONCOCTED STRETCHER

VERY BUSY MAKING TIN CAN FOOTLIGHTS IN THE PIONEER KITCHEN CABIN AT CAMP NEWATAH, NEAR JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

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SPATTER-PRINTS AND NATURE NOTEBOOKS AT PINE MOUNTAIN CAMP, WEST POINT, GEORGIA

At last, all too soon, it was time to return to camp. After rolling our blankets, we started back. When we reached camp everyone was ready to turn in. After taps, soon all were asleep, dreaming of the enjoyable time they were having at camp.

Troop 27 ARLINE FISTON

A Nature Exhibit

ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA: One morning last August at Camp Wisagoma, our nature counselor found a huge caterpillar. We put it into a pasteboard carton, and placed a wire screen over the top. Every day we fed it fresh box-elder leaves which it seemed to prefer to other varieties. In a few days it selected a spot at the top of the carton, and began to spin a beautiful creamy-tan corcon.

Camp closed at the end of that week, and I carried the cocoon home, and put it into the garage where it remained all winter. In April, I brought it into the house and placed it near an east window in my room. About midnight, the night of May thirteenth, I was awakened by a rustling sound. Turning on the light, I saw a huge moth slowly climbing out of the carton. The body was large and striped with red and white, but the wings seemed small.

I was really thrilled as the moth crept around the top of the carton until it found a place to hang, and slowly began raising and lowering its wings to dry them. The wings became larger and larger, and about an hour later the moth measured six and one-half inches across.

In the morning I hurried to the library to consult books on moths, and there I found that mine was a Cecropia. We have mounted it under glass for a Troop Exhibit.

Troop 6 Mary Lou Dickinson



GIRL SCOUTS AT HOUSTON, TEXAS, SKETCHING FROM NATURE AND POSTERS



ON A RAINY DAY TRY MAKING PLASTER LIFEMASKS, BIRDHOUSES, BELTS

Happy Birthday—from Ellen

(Continued from page 13) lighted. "And I'm on vacation. Sure, I'll

"Then I'll hop a taxi, pick up a duplicate of the water pump part from Darrowsit's just a gear that won't weigh much-and meet you by the time you get your ship clear.

Ellen found the plane hauled up to high ground and the pilot giving it a thorough inspection, when she arrived at the "landing" field.

'Not afraid to fly forty miles out over the ocean in a land plane, are you?" asked the aviator, as he caught sight of his pas-

'Not on Tank's birthday," laughed the girl.

Ten minutes later, as the plane circled over the Coast Guard Station and headed for sea, Ellen Wakefield's face wore an expansive smile. For a moment, she wondered whether Tank would spot the plane and suspect where it was headed. But she shook her head.

'He's probably too busy helping the machinist run his engines to pay attention to anything else!" she told herself.

For twenty minutes, she searched the horizon for a glimpse of the familiar white yacht whose arrival had been so welcome a month ago, when she and her father and Tank were floating in the open sea, and hoping against hope that Halcyon's homemade radio sending set had spread their distress signals. Then, into Ellen's meditation, swept a sudden silence. Her heart skipped a beat, for the airplane's motor had missed an explosion.

The girl could see that the pilot was worried, even though the motor proceeded to purr smoothly for several seconds. When it skipped again,

the pilot turned. This may be a big day for your friend Tank," he declared grimly, "but it's a bad one for you and me. There's nothing to worry about yet, but we're turning back."

Ellen remonstrated.

"Don't do that! We've got to reach the vacht. Mr. Blossom ruined his engine rescuing Father and Tank and me.'

I'm in the Coast Guard," replied the pilot with a shake of his head, "and I'm supposed to save lives, not endanger them. I'm thinking about yours."

The engine was humming smoothly once more, and Ellen pointed out that fact. For several seconds the pilot said nothing. And when he shook his head again, Ellen thought fast.

"We must get this part to the Aphro-dite before the cutter," she pleaded. "Those surfmen at the Station will have a grand laugh on you, if we turn back. And besides I'll never hear the end of it from Tank '

'And if we sit down on this great big ocean and the cutter has to pick us up," he retorted, "I'll never hear the end of thatfrom the Commandant!"

Talking volubly, on the theory that if she talked long enough the pilot might keep going ahead until they came upon the yacht, Ellen was scouring the horizon. But her theory did not work. The pilot knew his mind just exactly as well as he knew his

We're going back," he said decisively. Ellen put her hand on his arm.

'Please! Just five minutes more! We must be almost in sight of the yacht, and the motor sounds pretty good now. Besides, we'll have a strong tail wind to blow us home again.

She smiled. "And don't forget that this is Tank's birthday!

In spite of himself, the pilot laughed.

The Animal Pets Contest

IN case you missed the announcement of the Animal Pets Contest last month, we're going to tell you about it again. Every entry must be a true story about a pet animal-your own, or somebody else's. The story should not be shorter than three hundred words, nor longer than five hundred words. All entries should be addressed to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., % The Animal Pets Contest Editor, and should be in this office by October 1, 1934. You should write legibly, and on one side of the paper only. Your name, address, and age should be written at the top of the first page of your story. If you have a typewriter, use it. Of course, nobody would think of rolling a manuscript, as that makes it hard to read.

The prizes will be original drawings which have appeared as illustrations in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Drawings chosen will be suitable to frame for your own room, or the Little House. The judges will be as follows: Miss Elizabeth L. Gilman, head of the Junior Books Department of Farrar & Rinehart; Miss Esther G. Price, Assistant to the National Director of Girl Scouts, Inc.; and Mr. Robert L. Dickey, whose delightful drawings of dogs-remember Mr. and Mrs. Beans?-are known to you all.

"Okay," he said briefly. "I'll keep on for two minutes, but that's all."

Knowing he meant business, Ellen strained her keen eyes during the next two minutes, more than she ever had strained them before. But she could catch no glimpse of the Aphrodite's white hull. And for the last fifteen seconds of that short two minutes, she held her breath. But there was no sign of the yacht, and the pilot, pointing a long finger at the instrument-board clock, banked the plane into a wide left turn.

HERE it is! That's the yacht!" cried THERE it is! That's the yacht. been flying. She directed the pilot's gaze.
"You wouldn't quit now, would you?"

The motor was still functioning smooth-

ly.
"The Coast Guard never quits." For the first time in a half hour Ellen breathed easily. Then she went cold all over. For in the excitement of taking to the air she had forgotten that, to do any good, she must deliver the needed engine part safely. And since her land plane could not come down in the water, how was she going to get her package safely aboard the Aphro-

"Can we fly low enough to drop this on her deck?" she asked apprehensively, as she held the small parcel toward the aviator.

The pilot replied without turning his head. "If you let that thing drop on her as is, you'll hit somebody-or miss the yacht altogether."

Ellen's brain was a seething maelstrom of ideas. If she should drop the package and miss the yacht's deck, it would fall into the water. And if it did, how to keep it from sinking?

Her eyes fell on a water-tight cylinder, with a label reading, "magnesium light." Reaching quickly for it, she pulled off the top and withdrew a miniature silk parachute.

"Hey!" cried the pilot. "That's nothing to play with.

"I'm not playing! This is serious business."

Her nimble fingers detached the flare that hung to the parachute cord, and reached for the leather-covered cushion in the next seat. "Give me your knife!" The pilot handed it over, staring as she ripped the cushion open and removed the pillow's buoyant stuffing. Untying the string from her package, she demanded a pencil.

"This is special Coast Guard service you're getting," said the pilot, producing a stub from his jacket pocket.

Ellen hastily scrawled a message on one side of the package. Then she wrote briefly on the opposite side, and rolled the parcel into the empty cushion cover. Surrounding the improvised ball with the pillow's buoyant stuffing, she wound the string around the conglomerate. Finally she tied the bundle to the cords of the silken parachute.

"There!" she cried, exultantly.
"The pump gear will float and the messages will stay dry!'

Almost over the motionless yacht. Ellen tossed the package out through the cabin window and watched the miniature parachute descend gracefully toward the Aphrodite. She recognized Mr. Blossom's upturned face, and waved. The yacht's crew was rushing to put a boat overside to rescue the descending parachute. Then the plane banked and scurried for Block

"We did it!" exclaimed Ellen, pulling her head into the cabin. "We beat the cut-

The pilot grinned. "Coast Guard flyers always get there first. I guess they'll remember that now!"

Ellen laughed gayly. "But this is the only time any Coast Guard aviator ever flew forty miles out over the ocean to deliver a birthday gift."

The airman's startled face turned full around.

Ellen nodded.

"Tank likes presents. So I asked Mr. Blossom to tear one side off that package and give it to him when he arrives in the cutter. I wrote 'Happy Birthday to Tank-from Ellen!

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Gourds Mexicana

Original ways of decorating gourds, to be used as vases, dippers and table centerpieces

IT WAS a thrilling find for me when I discovered these latest decorative accessories—gourds Mexicana—in smart New York and Brooklyn gift shops. At my first exciting glimpse of them, I was sure almost every girl would like to know about them. So here they are, in your own magazine! The gourds shown here were decorated by Mr. George H. Mecke, of Altadena, California. Their colors are clear and bright, their designs typically Mexican.

The gourd pitcher is adorned with a Mexican peon, painted in brilliant hues. His sombrero is red, with splashes of yellow and black. The coat he wears is red, yellow, black and white, and his knickers are black. The amusing donkey on which he rides is casually

nibbling on a cactus plant. The background is a cactus strewn desert scene. Raffia, in green, yellow, and red is used to wrap the neck of the pitcher, and to hold the handle which is made of Manila flax twine, dyed a burnt orange, and made into a loop. The mouth of the pitcher is edged with black, with brush strokes of yellow, red, and green extending from it.

This pitcher is a joy as a purely decorative object in a room decorated in Mexican or rustic style. It may be used to serve water or other beverages, also as a container for autumn foliage, or berries such as bittersweet.

At the left of the picture I have shown you one of Mr. Mecke's most ingenious innovations, the pear-shaped gourd with a test tube inserted in one side to hold a flower, or a sprig of ivy. A hole just large enough to contain the test tube is cut in the gourd, and the tube is held in position by the raffia that is wound around it. The decorations on this gourd are in crimson, cobalt blue, chrome yellow, green, black and white. The twine through the neck makes it useful as a hanging basket. You will notice how cleverly the twine is run through small holes in both sides of the neck, and how a knot is securely tied in each end of the twine to keep it from pulling out.

In the lower right-hand corner of the illustration is the more familiar type of gourd which looks like the old-time gourd dipper that used to hang on the well, and still does in some rural communities. It has Mexican decorations on its back. The opening is edged with black and has green, red and yellow splashes. The neck is wrapped with red and green raffia; the twine loop



PAINTED GOURDS READY TO USE.
THE TEST TUBE IN THE PEARSHAPED GOURD WILL HOLD WATER

is yellow. Gourds of this type make the gayest of wall or window decorations, match holders for the mantel, candy dishes for the bridge or luncheon table, and flower holders. For the last named use, it is a good idea to insert a small glass or china dish to hold the water.

jewels," Ramona strings, have also been developed by Mr. Mecke, and are purely decorative. The idea comes from the old Spanish custom of hanging a string of dried red peppers near one's front door, as a sign of welcome to guests. In pictures of Spanish homes, or in the homes themselves, you will often see these ornamental strings. The articles used by Mr. Mecke are: painted gourds, many of them of the smaller and oddly shaped varieties, and seed pods painted in brilliant hues, especially the pods from the bottle tree, which are not too brittle to be practical. Other small round pods come from the eucalyptus tree, but because of their scarcity, these are in the minority. At the end of each string is hung a pod from the magnolia tree, or a pine cone, painted brilliant red,







Photos Courtesy of

By ANNA COYLE

yellow, or blue. All are strung together on dyed Manila hemp twine.

"Ramona jewels" are effective when hung at either side of a fireplace, or near a door, or window. They are also decorative when arranged in a row down the center of an informally set table. An attractive setting of this type uses peasant linen in natural tone bordered in red, green, and black, with peasant pottery in red-orange. At either end of the string a penguin, made from a gourd, stands guard.

For the "Ramona jewels," the tendency is to decorate the smaller gourds in geometric designs that are definitely Mexican

This fad for using gourds in so many decorative ways has been growing rapidly during the past few seasons. Perhaps you have taken it up yourself and have a vine in your own garden, laden with fruit that is just waiting to be decorated. If you have, splendid! If not, make your plans now for planting gourds next spring. They will grow in the North, South, East, or West. It is simply a matter of planting early enough to have the fruit mature before frost.

SAMPLES OF AUTHENTIC
MEXICAN GEOMETRICAL
DESIGNS WHICH ARE
ESPECIALLY SUITABLE
FOR DECORATING GOURDS

Gourds, you know, are rapid-growing annual climbers, suitable for sowing around arbors, trellises, fences and the like. The flowers are often beautiful, and the fruit ornamental and useful. In the seed catalogues, you will find a great variety listed. The seeds may be bought in packages containing a single variety, such as the bottle, dipper, giant bottle, calabash pipe, apple shape, pear shape, or the like; or, for a few cents, you may obtain a mixed packet containing many varieties. Since the advent of the decorated gourd, seedsmen are finding that the most popular demand is for the unusual varieties imported from Mexico, Italy, and the Orient.

The best bottle necks and basket types are produced by running the vines on an arbor, or (Continued on page 48)



By Latrobe Carroll

STRIKES AND ARBITRATION

As if the strikes in San Francisco, Minneapolis, Seattle, and other places weren't enough, many experts on industrial relations expect still more strikes! As long as many millions of people have no work and are unable to provide a livelihood for themselves and their children, there will, of course, be pretty general unrest. However, America is a country of such vast resources, both agricultural and industrial, that it must be only a question of time before we work out a



method of distribution which will give a decent minimum of subsistence to all our people.

The question at present is whether strikes, and in particular the general strike such as that at San Francisco, will help to bring about or to hasten this desired end. President Roosevelt has asked both employers and employees to rely on federal arbitration, which has settled, so far, a number of difficult disputes. Yet sometimes the employees have rejected the decision; sometimes, as in the case of the Minneapolis truck-drivers, it has been the employers who rejected the arbitration.

Federal arbitrators cannot do a good job unless they are supported by an informed public opinion. It is, therefore, up to the citizens to study each strike situation, especially those that arise in their own neighborhoods, and to assist the arbitrators with every bit of information and influence they possess.

DROUGHT CURE FOR MOTHER EARTH

Mark Twain once said: "Everybody complains about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." This isn't true, today. The nation, its heart wrung by the tragedy of the drought, is preparing to launch a vast program of drought control. Small trees, in a belt a hundred miles wide and about a thousand miles long, are to be set out.

This band of green will sweep north and south across the Great Plains area of the Middle West. It will provide one hundred parallel strips of trees, with a mile of farm land between each strip.

In this year's drought, strong winds blew the top soil away from farm lands. It's hoped that the new-forested areas will act as a shelter belt and save the soil.

FOG FIGHTER

Through many years, efforts have been made to get the better of fog, terror of sea-craft and aircraft. All sorts of odd devices have been tried, with disappointing results. But now it looks as if Henry G. Houghton, Ir., a member of the research staff of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, might be on the right track. Under his direction, a secret liquid chemical was sprayed, recently, into a thick fog, from nozzles in a pipe three hundred feet long. The fog vanished? It was dispelled merely over a limited area, though, giving observers a glimpse of buildings two thousand feet away.

Mr. Houghton thinks that if airports installed his invention they might open lanes of clear air above fog-shrouded flying fields. Localized radio beams might guide pilots to the cleared spaces, where they could

make "happy landings."

A WONDER-WOMAN DIES

In July of this year the foremost woman scientist known to history died, at sixtysix, in a sanatorium near Sallanches, France. Her name was Marie Curie. Together with her husband, Pierre, she discovered that mysterious element, radium: man's best weapon against cancer. To have made such a find would have been, in itself, a great achievement. But Marie Curie-whose portrait appears below-went further. Her discovery led her to the theory that radioactivity is a property of all matter. Thus she became the founder of a new school of thought.

Her biographies read like a success story with the moral: "Give all your mind and life to one worthy cause." While still a young girl she left Warsaw, Poland, her birthplace, and went to live in Paris. There she



threw herself into feverish study, spending but ten cents a day for food, and welcoming odd jobs such as bottle-washing and furnace-cleaning in the laboratory.

Much later, honors were heaped on her. She was the only person ever to be awarded two Nobel prizes. But she shrank from notoriety, lived simply, and, almost up to her death, kept on toiling from ten to twelve hours a day.

THEIR WORDS ARE GOLDEN

Three million five hundred thousand words spoken over the air by just two people! That's the record of Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, who impersonate Amos 'n' Andy. After eight solid years of work together they started off on a two-months vacation on July thirteenth. Amos (Mr. Gosden) went to Alaska to "do a lot o' fishin' an' unlax." Andy (Mr. Correll) went to Europe to "stop thinkin'."

Before they got together, Gosden was a tobacco salesman and Correll a bricklayer. In 1925 they asked for a radio audition, "just for the fun of it." That showed them-and others-they could do teamwork.



The following year saw them creating two characters known as Sam and Henry. In 1928 they found their real stride as Amos 'n' Andy. They now make a hundred thousand dollars a year, apiece.

No one has ever seen them broadcast. They explain that an audience might laugh at their antics, as they take to the ether, and wreck the show. When Amos does Brother Crawford, for instance, he bounces violently up and down on his chair.

Some people are declaring that Gosden and Correll made the mistake of their lives by taking a vacation. But if ever master showmen deserved one, they did.

VIOLENCE IN VIENNA

Chancellor Adolf Hitler, Germany's Nazi leader, seems bent on making himself one of the most unpopular public figures, outside his own country, in the world today.

First came the killings that ended the Storm Troops' unrest. The Storm Troops are a German semi-military organization. Their leaders were plotting to seize Hitlerso he claims-and set up a new government, with Ernst Roehm, Storm Troop Chief of Staff, as its head.

Large numbers of the so-called revolutionists-Roehm among them-were shot down, on unproved charges, without trial.

Then came the murder of Engelbert Dollfuss, Austria's courageous, pint-size Chancellor.

Hitler had urged a union between Ger-

many and Austria. Dollfuss had been a bitter foe of such plans. Savage attacks on the Dollfuss régime had been cast on the ether, from German radio stations. So when Dollfuss was shot in the back, by Austrian Nazis, public opinion, outside Germany, laid the brutal act at Hitler's door.

The German Chancellor's own newspaper, right after the murder, congratulated the Austrians on losing Dollfuss. Then, plainly acting on official orders, it changed its tone. Hitler himself was quick to issue statements disavowing any German Nazi connection with the killing. Few non-Nazis believed him. To them he stood for ruthlessness, ready to slay to gain his ends. A setback for Adolf Hitler.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

We've heard lots about how hard Hollywood stars have to work, in order to climb to their dizzy pedestals. But five-year-old Shirley Temple, the newest screen sensation, has found the ascent to fame just a barrel of fun. She'd rather do movie parts than make mud pies, or play with dolls, even.

If you've seen her in Stand Up and Cheer, Little Miss Marker, or Baby, Take a Bow, you know what an adorable minx she is.

Lots of the credit for her success must go to her sensible mother. Mrs. Temple won't allow any of the child's voluminous "fan mail" to be read aloud to her, for fear of making her self-centered.

Just before the tiny star is to play a scene, the mother hovers nearby, pleading, "Sparkle, Shirley, sparkle!"

Under her various contracts, the little girl has been earning one hundred and fifty dollars a week. But her father, a banker in Santa Monica, California, recently demanded that her salary be raised to twenty-five hundred a week!

SAILBOATS OF THE AIR

The newest sport, in this country, is gliding. It's just getting under way. Germany has ten thousand licensed glider pilots, and Russia thirty thousand. But, in the United States, there are fewer than two hundred.

The Soaring Society of America, though, is putting forth strong efforts to push the adventurous sport. This organization con-



cluded its fifth annual contest last July. How do gliders rise, and stay up? Well, a usual method of getting them off the ground is to tow them along, with a motor car, till they take to the air. Once up, there are various ways of keeping aloft, and gaining altitude. Some sailplane pilots make use of winds that sweep upward from ridges. Others avail themselves of rising currents found under cumulus clouds. They soar as high as the up-drafts will carry them. When the lifting force weakens, they dive under other clouds.

Just a game of catch-a-current.

How much do you Weigh?

WATCHING your weight is one of the ways to watch your health. But don't be a slave to the bathroom scales! Don't try to keep your weight *below* the average for your age and height.

You've heard of girls who eat practically nothing for breakfast in an effort to be "stylishly" thin. That's unwise—even dangerous. You need energy for the day's activities. Without a wholesome breakfast, you're likely to feel tired and languid.

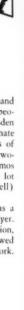
Here's a sensible morning meal for a growing girl: A glass of orange juice or other fruit; a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream (and sliced peaches or bananas if you like); an egg, perhaps, soft-boiled or poached; toast or muffins; and a full glass of milk.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are crisp and appetizing. They're rich in energy, yet light and easy to digest. Splendid for luncheon, too, or a refreshing hot-weather supper. Sold by all grocers, oven-fresh and ready to serve. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.









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By HELEN FERRIS Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

month happen in three different places—our own country, France and the Arctic. Take your choice! Or, better still, read all three.

Mountain Girl Comes Home by Genevieve Fox (Little, Brown and Company) continues the adventures of attractive Sairy Ann Hall, whom many of you have already met in Mountain Girl. Now, Sairy Ann is married to her doctor and, back from their honeymoon, they build their little mountain home, and make the beginnings of what they hope will be a hospital and clinic for their mountain people.

They know that these mountain folk, who are Sairy Ann's own people, need their skillful help very much indeed. But they know also, all too well, that superstition, and suspicion of anything new, will block their way. Dick, Sairy Ann's husband, is a "fotched-on man." Besides, say the mountain people, isn't Doctor Corbett good enough? Doctor Corbett is one of them, and he has the old medicine book his father gave him.

To add to the difficulties, there are shootings, floods, and other trials of backwoods living. But there are joys, too—the new baby, the real friendship and understanding of those who come to appreciate Sairy Ann and her doctor, including Lona, the stunted, twisted girl whom they take into their own home. Mountain Girl Comes Home is a welcome addition to those stories that are making remote parts of our own country real to us. It is "folksy"—like the quilts and woven rugs from these very mountain cabins.

Anything Can Happen on the River! by Carol Ryrie Brink (The Macmillan Company) lives up to its title—anything can happen and does. The river of the story is the Seine. The people in it are the orphan boy, Jacques, whose most precious possessions are two mysterious keys, and a secret his mother once told him of the family's long-lost barge, La Belle Oudette; Janine who owns Gyp, the clever performing dog; Monsieur Desmoulins, the eccentric builder of boats; Lulu—who isn't a girl, but a burly river man; Papa Max, Janine's father; and river pirates for good measure.

There is romance in the idea of living on a river. So when Lulu and the boy Jacques set forth, at the behest of Monsieur Desmoulins, to deliver the *Psyche* to its new owner, we feel adventure in the air. But before the real excitement bursts, we enjoy the Seine, and the French countryside through which it flows. We don't blame Jacques for running off to Fon-

tainebleau to see the room where Napoleon signed his abdication. But we wish he hadn't, for when he returns there is no beautiful boat, no *Psyche*, at the dock. Yes, the boat Monsieur Desmoulins had entrusted to him and to Lulu is gone—stolen.

From then on, there is enough excitement in the story for anyone's taste. Monsieur Desmoulins even brings on an airplane to help find the *Psyche*. But the desire of Jacques to recover the new boat cannot help but be secondary to his search for *La Belle Oudette*. What happens in the end, just how the mystery of the keys is solved—and what it all means to Jacques, and Janine, and Papa Max, and Lulu, and Gyp—make *Anything Can Happen on the River* an unusual adventure story.

Nuvat the Brave by Radko Doone (Macrae Smith Company) is an Arctic Robinson Crusoe. Called a coward by the hunters of his village, Nuvat, as a castaway on a drifting iceberg, quickly shows the spirit that is in him. Days, months, even years pass before he again sees his Eskimo home, years full of adventure. This story of life in the Arctic will especially appeal to those girls who know how to camp and enjoy it.

The Newbery Medal

has been awarded to

INVINCIBLE LOUISA by Cornelia Meigs

(Little, Brown and Company, Publishers)

This is the highest honor that can be given to a book for boys and girls. The medal is awarded each year

by

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

the most distinguished contribution to boys' and girls' literature of the year.

"Invincible Louisa"

is Louisa May Alcott. This splendid book is the story of her life.

Here is a book which I should like every older Girl Scout, and every Girl Scout leader to read—Testament of Youth by Vera Brittain (The Macmillan Company). To those who were very young in 1914, or not yet born, the World War is just another event in history. And war itself may not seem to us to be anything that would upset our lives in our own country. But if, in years to come, we are to be free of the terrible things war does to everyone, we—you and I—must honestly face its results when we are young, and resolve to do everything we can to help rid the world of its menace. It is a responsibility upon each of us.

So it is that Vera Brittain's story helps us to realize just what war does. She was a girl when the World War broke out, ready to enter college. At first she thought she could go on. But she could not. Leaving college, she took training as a nurse, going later to a hospital in a bomb-ridden district. Each day brought its need for courage. She saw those whom she most deeply loved taken from her—her fiancé, her brother. All her life was changed.

No one can read this deeply moving story without resolving to do all in her power, all her life, to prevent such things from happening again. But you will find more in this book for yourself than a determination for future years. Here is a girl whose life was shattered. She must remake her life, she must find some ideal, some hope that would

make the days ahead worth living. This, too, called for courage, and for a while she lacked even that. But in the end she does find her hope and her ideal. And her story touches you and me, today. For what girl is there who finds life working out exactly as she has planned and dreamed? Who of us is there who has not had her great disappointments? Testament of Youth is beautifully written, a girl's own story, a story of love, of tragedy, of intelligence, of courage—and hope.

Davy Crockett of the Tall Tales

Not long ago, a friend of mine gave Davy Crockett by Constance Rourke (Harcourt, Brace and Company) to her fifteen-year-old niece, wondering at the same time whether she would enjoy it, for, truth to tell, her niece had never cared especially for biography.

"But, Aunt Mary," the niece said a week later, "this is fascinating. It is amusing, too. I laughed and laughed over it."

So it is. Davy Crockett is a most enter-

taining character, with his famous grin, his tall stories, and his comical remarks. He has a way of doing the most unexpected things. And what a frontiersman he was! Indians, wild animals, all the hazards of the wilderness, were to him part of the life that he loved. Can't you see what a stir he must have caused when he went to Washington as Congressman? This story of his picturesque and exciting life is one of the finest biographies of an American hero that ever has been written for boys and girls. You will enjoy having it in your own library.

Another Girl Sails the Seas

Barbara Follett is not the only girl who has gone to sea in the last year or so. Betty Jacobsen has, too, and you will find her story in her own book, A Girl Before the Mast (Charles Scribner's Sons). This is how it happened. Betty was living in Brooklyn, New York, when she had the opportunity to do some work typing a book manuscript. Now that book manuscript was by the author, Alan Villiers, and was the story of his own sea adventures, Grain Race. And as Betty herself says, "I loved it, loved to Betty herself says, read the story of those gallant ships, fighting their way against wind and weather on the longest, stormiest ocean voyage it was possible to make."

As she typed, Betty dreamed of going to sea, herself. Why not? She came of a Norwegian, seagoing family. Her own father was a ship man. But a girl, at sea-Betty knew that sailors consider them bad luck. Yet the dream persisted. And when she mentioned it to Mr. Villiers, to her astonishment and delight, what he said was, "Why

That "Why not?" was really the start of Betty's adventure. The next step was a letter from Captain de Cloux of the Parma, written to Mr. Villiers from Copenhagen, saying that he was taking his daughter Ruby on his next trip to Australia. The dream began to look real, then, for Mr. Villiers suggested that Betty join his own expedition going through the Panama Canal to Australia, there meeting the Parma. Betty's father was the first to be won over, then her mother-rather reluctantly, to be sure.

All of which is why the first chapter of Betty's book begins, *I join my ship*. And the story she tells of that three-months' voyage is real life at sea, as a girl of today lived it. She liked Ruby from the start—and the Captain, and Old Red—the "tough mate," as she calls him. She liked Little Moses, the cabin boy, and the cook, and the others. And she worked with a will, for this was no pleasure voyage for Betty Jacobsen. She was a signed-on apprentice who did not shirk high climbs upon the yards, nor the many disagreeable jobs aboard ship

And she came to know the sea in its many moods. She learned why old sailors have sadly watched the growing supremacy of steam. Back home, today, her thoughts soar from city streets. "Sometimes I look up suddenly when I hear a whistle blow, and half expect to see the burly figure of Old Red, standing rooted into the pitching deck as if he had grown out of it, roaring out some order. But all I see is a traffic policeman, blowing on his brass whistle. . . .

IN COOKING OF EVER HEARD OF

This is an honest, straightforward story, and every chapter is interesting.





Give Your Child the Advantage Of This Helpful Companion

Your boy or girl needs this convenient question-answerer, with its wealth of useful, easily-found, easily understood information. It will be a treasured guide book in school work, reading, and play.

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Quality

Macaroons a Child Can Make!



(Print name and address plainly)

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"I Want to, I Must, I Will"

(Continued from page 10) who have made first rank in the art; but not to imitate. No one was a more constant observer of every great actor and actress with whom she came in contact, than Eva Le Gallienne in her 'teens. In this she was most fortunate, for her family had many friends in the theatre.

All the time that Eva was attending the Collège de Sévigné, she spent much of her spare time striving to cultivate in her own voice some of the "divine" quality in Bern-hardt's. For even then she had the insight to know-and later she put it into wordsthat "the voice is the keynote of personality." Today, when so many people believe that the "talkies" threaten the life of the legitimate theatre, Miss Le Gallienne sees no such permanent danger. A picture, however remarkable, will never be more than a picture, can never have the vibrancy, the reality of living human beings. Neither "canned voice" have the quality of a real human voice.

This brings us to one of the most valuable bits of advice Miss Le Gallienne has to offer girls, whether they ever go on the stage or not. "Regard your voice as a beautiful instrument," she says. "I wish that I could give you some magic way to acquire clear, correct speech, but I cannot. Like everything else worth while, it requires time and study; and like good manners, it costs nothing.

IN France where Eva went to school, children were taught to give full value to every letter in the alphabet. They were taught to respect words, as British children are taught to respect property. In order that the students at the Collège de Sévigné might have an opportunity to know the wide ranges and qualities of their voices, they were often taken to the theatre to hear the great actors and actresses of the day. Before they went, they were required to learn the lines of the play by heart-but how different the words sounded when Sarah Bernhardt and the members of her troupe said them!

In Denmark, where Eva also attended school, clearness of speech and well modulated voices were demanded of the pupils. They were put into a room with the door shut, and told to speak to someone outside in a voice that did not sound too loud, yet was clear and understandable.

Three things," according to Miss Le Gallienne, "lead to lasting beauty of speech: a tone standard, an appreciation of word values, and a sense of rhythm. All of you who are studying know the joy that comes when your lessons are finished. That's what actresses feel, once they have conquered all the sensitive and sometimes ugly words that go into the making of a play. How could they ever stir an audience if they uttered those words in monotone?'

Early in her 'teens, Eva's acquaintances began to include persons prominent in the literary world and the theatre: "Uncle Will" Faversham, Julie Opp, Maxine Elliott, Forbes Robertson, Constance Collier, James Walsh and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. How thrilled she was when, at the end of a tea at Uncle Will's, Constance Collier told her she had a good voice for the theatre. She accepted this statement as an inspiring challenge, and soon she coaxed Miss Collier into giving her lessons in reading Shakespeare. Gradually she learned to see "the value in the beautiful speeches, to bring out the music without losing sight of the meaning." Miss Collier was a severe critic, and Eva shed many a tear over "Ariel" in The Tempest. But she kept on persistently, profiting by the criticism, and today she is noted for her unusually fine interpretations of Shakespearean rôles. It was Constance Collier who gave her her first chance to 'walk on" the stage. How proudly she struggled with her make-up, and a too-new rabbit's foot. You would have thought she was the star.

When she was thirteen, her Uncle Favvy was preparing Julius Caesar for a New York season. He wanted to take Eva with him to

Important Competition!

for Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in all countries

> First Prize -\$50.00 Second Prize - 30.00 Third Prize - 15.00

Mrs. James Storrow has offered the above prizes, to be awarded by judges appointed by the World Committee, for the three best designs for next year's Thinking Day Greeting Card.

The design should be in monotone, i. e., one color on white or some other color, and the size approximately 8" x 6", for reproduction on a postcard. Entries should reach the Director, The World Bureau, 17 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S. W. 1, England, not later than October 15. The copyright of all designs received will be-come the property of the World Associa-tion of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

play "Lucius;" but her mother insisted that she go on with her education. There was a veritable family tug-o'-war, with bitter argument, tearful pleading, and finally compromise. Eva did not go to New York; but she went to Tree's Academy, now the famous Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. It was at Tree's that she had her first try at "Juliet." She was excellent at the try-outs; in fact, her companions wept at her interpretation. And then the night of the real performance, she was a "fluke." This was good for her, for it showed that acting is not purely a matter of temporary emotion, but of a careful technique that can produce the same effect night after night, regardless of the actress's personal mood of the hour.

To many, the stage door and the footlights seem to mark the borderline between the humdrum of everyday life and a highly romantic existence. But life on the other side of the footlights is not always romantic. Neither is it free from monotony and embarrassment.

Miss Le Gallienne's first try-out for a speaking part on the professional stagethat of a cockney servant in The Laughter of Fools-was almost heartbreaking. Born within sound of Bow Bells, she was thoroughly familiar with cockney accent. Moreover, during the weeks just preceding the try-out, she had been working with the Girl Guides in a British Army soup kitchen (this was 1914), and nearly everyone around her spoke cockney dialect. Imagine, then, her chagrin and inner rebellion, when the director of the play, after making her say the lines over and over, decided her accent was not "authentic," and proceeded to make the final decision between her and her rival on the matter of height.

"Miss Le Gallienne, take off your shoes," boomed at her from the back of the theatre. Followed an agonizing moment-the supreme test of how much she wanted that part. For she knew too well that there was a big hole in the toe of her stocking. She hesitated only a moment; then biting her

lip and fighting back rebellious tears, she took off her shoes. And she got the part.

There is another form of embarrassment on the other side of the footlights that Eva Le Gallienne learned from this same part. That is, an actress's embarrassment when the audience doesn't do what she expects from it. To Eva, the part of this cockney slavey, Elizabeth, was tragic. She played it so, with the utter solemnity of the novice; and because the effect was infinitely more comic than any conscious effort, the manager never told her that she was really cast as comedy relief.

The curtain of "first night" went up. Eva spoke one solemn cockney sentence, and the audience shouted with mirth. She was so taken aback, that it was all she could do to go on with the lines. She must be a terrible failure if they were laughing so. She tried being more solemn, and the mirth of the audience increased. Somehow she struggled on to the end of the first act, and was utterly dumbfounded when somebody whispered to her in the wings that she was the hit of the evening.

Yes, stage life is full of surprises and uncertainties. Not the least is economic uncertainty, about which Eva learned plenty in her early days in New York, struggling to get a foothold on Broadway. But security never had much charm for her; and anyone who chooses the theatre for a career should not count on it. Probably no profession has ever been less secure, and that is particularly true today, with many metropolitan theatres dark. But neither do many professions offer so much opportunity for pioneering spirits-pioneering away from commercial sensationalism to fundamental beauty that endures.

T was that pioneering spirit, that love of adventure and struggle that made Eva abandon the life of a star, almost as soon as she had achieved it in her beautiful performance in The Swan. It wasn't personal fame she was after, it was the realization of a dream-to bring the best of the theatre to most of the people. And most of the people are poor. So that meant reasonable prices-something unheard of, for the theatre in New York. She also wanted to experiment with the plays of Ibsen, Molnar, Glaspell, Chekhov and Barry.

Again it was "I want to, I must, I will." And because the desire was not a selfish one, it prospered. (Continued on page 38)

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selfish e 38) EQUIPMENT FOR HERSELF, GIFTS FOR HER SISTER!

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Virginia MacPherson, Troop 1, East Bridgewater, Mass.

• So easy does Virginia MacPherson find the Libby Thrift Plan, that she actually gets more equipment by it than she needs for herself! Out of the last big shipment we sent her—without cost to her, mind you—she was able to make several gifts to her sister, who is also a Girl Scout.

But she isn't the only girl who finds the Libby Thrift Plan easy. Thousands of enthusiastic Girl Scouts all over the country are using the plan to get equipment they need without spending any money for it. Any girl can work it; you can use it yourself to get the things you want, without cost.

Here's the plan. Just pick out the equipment you want from the official catalog. Then save some of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk (we'll tell you how few you need when you send us the coupon below). Send us the labels and you'll get your equipment right away without expense.

It's really easy to get the labels! No doubt lots of women in your community use Libby's Milk every day. They like it best because of its extra rich quality, purity, and economy. Any woman who uses this milk is glad to save the labels to help a Girl Scout get her equipment. Lots of your mother's friends will go to work for you as soon as you tell them about it.

Get the scissors, now, and cut out the coupon below. Fill it in and mail it to us; we'll send you complete information on how you can get all the equipment you want without having to pay a dime for any of it. In addition, we'll send you free a certificate worth ten tall Libby labels; that'll give you a flying start toward whatever you pick out to get first. So don't lose any time. Send the coupon today! Libby, M?Neill & Libby, Chicago.

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Please tell me how I can get my Girl Scout equipment without cost.





"I Want to, I Must,"

(Continued from page 36)
On October twenty-sixth, 1926, the Civic Repertory Theatre opened in a rickety old building on the outskirts of New York's historic Chelsea. No one will ever know just how many people had their first taste of real dramatic art there. Certainly thousands who would never have been able to afford seats for a Broadway production. And what delightful things they saw: Peter Pan, The Master Builder, The Cherry Orchard, Liliom.

MEANWHILE what exciting and trying hours Miss Le Gallienne went through, as she combined the rôles of actress, producer, manager, and scenic designer. She had always wondered, as a child, how on earth Peter Pan flew to the balcony without killing himself. Now she played the part, and had to master all the difficult technique of wiring, and being shot suddenly to and fro in space. She had wanted to see Romeo and Juliet given without so many cuts as are usually made. Now she did so, and hardened critics pronounced hers the most convincing "Juliet" they had seen.

For several years her struggle was eminently successful. Many wealthy persons, interested in art, backed her project. Then came the depression, and about the same time a terrible explosion which burned Miss Le Gallienne's face so badly that she was in the hospital for months. But the good old stick-to-itiveness was still there. So she whiled away weary hospital days writing her autobiography, At Thirty-three; and almost as soon as she was discharged, she started training her company for a year's road tour. This has just been completed.

Eva Le Gallienne believes that the field of women's work in the theatre is wider today than ever before. She says:

"History has many instances of women's initiative and courage and loyalty to the art of the theatre. In the theatrical world I believe women have a greater practical capacity in carrying out their dreams than men."

Of the "star" system in the theatre, she has this to say:

"The exaggerated stress laid upon personality by modern forms of publicity, the artificial focusing of the public attention upon one figure instead of upon the play itself, is disastrous to art in the theatre. This unsalutary condition springs from the utter commercialization that has taken hold of the stage. The theatre is too often thought of as the 'show business.' Well, the 'show business' is one thing, and has its place with other commodities of life, but the theatre is very much something else.

"To those who truly love it, it is a thing to be served with the utmost abnegation, humility and impersonality. Something to be cherished and fought for, for its own sake and not for personal gain."



New Patterns for the Fall

Look through your wardrobe now, and see if you don't need one or all of these smart new dresses

3185-A new blouse for the first autumn days, with a wind-blown bow that carries with it all the crisp freshness of sparkling football weather! And a new skirt, if you are feeling sufficiently ambitious! Good colors for fall are gray-blue for the skirt with the blouse in gray-blue and brown novelty silk. The blouse in the lower sketch is best made of jersey—a warm beige, with buttons and belt to match the skirt. "Cider" colors are good, too, greenish brown for the skirt, copper brown for the blouse. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 34, 36, 38 and 40inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39inch material for the long-sleeved blouse, 11/2 yards of 39-inch material for the shortsleeved blouse, and 2 yards of 39-inch material for the skirt.

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2996—Isn't this a charming little frock for dining or dancing? Try it in metal-threaded taffeta with a velvet sash. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material for the dress, with 3¼ yard of 39-inch contrasting material, or 3½ yards of 8-inch ribbon for the sash.



484-A useful suit either for town or country wear, which is both smart and easy to make. The bodice, buttoning up the middle, has good slenderizing lines, and the skirt has knee-action plaits for graceful walking. The jacket, which hangs straight, can be buttoned up or left swinging for greater freedom, and it has lined revers which give a good opportunity for color contrast. Both dress and coat have the easily fitted raglan sleeves. This ensemble is stunning in any of the light-weight tweeds-try brown flecked with green and gold, with dull gold revers and hammered metal buttons in bronze color. Or if you want a more woodsy effect, use green revers with carved wooden buttons. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40inches bust. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 39inch material, with 1/8 yard of 39-inch contrasting material for the jacket revers.

Patterns are 15 cents each; the American Girl Pattern Book 10 cents, coins or stamps. American Girl Patterns, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: The July issue was swell! One of the most interesting articles was Guests in Gaspé by Mrs. Jaques. I love stories on travel anyway, and I wish you would have more of them. With travel there are, of course, complications—so Beatrice Pierce's articles are very nice.

When I read Mary Conover's The Train for Thomasburg, I felt tense all over. And when I finished, I heaved a long sigh of relief because the Rudds finally did get on the train! Whew!

Elizabeth Corbett and the Grapers are, to me, quite old friends, since Mother used to subscribe to St. Nicholas, in which Elizabeth Corbett's stories first appeared.

Bright Lagoon is awfully good, and I'm wondering if this Kits gal is all she's cracked up to be! The Gaylord girls are very attractive, and so natural!

All in all, I really couldn't live without "ami," which is my nickname for THE AMERICAN GIRL. (A, m, first two letters of first word; i, second letter in second word = 'ami"-friend.) And the magazine is a real Pennell Crosby

Hitting the Nail on the Head

BILLINGS, MONTANA: Some of the letters on A Penny for Your Thoughts page are so clever that I know I could never write, even one, to live up to them.

I like Em and Kip; and the Betty Bliss stories certainly keep you thinking. I have started the new serial, Bright Lagoon, and like it, too. So far as articles are concerned, I think that In Search of Spring and Marshes, and Guests in Gaspé, by Florence Page Jaques, were the very best. I have found the etiquette series, It's More Fun When You Know the Rules, extremely helpful. I also enjoyed Wings of Courage and Curly Carbart's Medal in the July issue.

Putting two-and-two together, I think that THE AMERICAN GIRL hits the nail right on the head. Betty Christiansen

Etiquette Articles Are Popular

WAUWATOSA, WISCONSIN: I enjoy the articles on etiquette so much, and especially the one in this month's issue. My aunt is going to Europe this summer, and I almost envy her. Reading Your Manners-by Air and Water has made me all excited.

I didn't enjoy Wings of Courage very much. I have read better stories in past issues. I liked the illustrations, however.

The Train for Thomasburg was an interesting story, because you get all excited over everything that arises to stop the Rudds from going. Then Alice smooths out the obstacles-and I actually breathed a sigh of relief when the Rudds finally boarded the train.

I have read The Graper Girls and so I always enjoy reading the stories about the Grapers in The AMERICAN GIRL. Ruth King's illustrations are simply "ripping."

I thoroughly enjoy reading the Bender stories because I love dogs. Bender acts so human.

I think that Bright Lagoon will be very interesting. I wonder why the mysterious girl is hiding out in Florida.

THE AMERICAN GIRL is the most interesting magazine that I have ever read. The Boys' Life is a very interesting rival, but THE AMERICAN GIRL beats it all hollow. Marian Theo Perry

Good Stories

NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS: I have just started taking THE AMERICAN GIRL and I think it is one of the most interesting magazines I have ever read. I liked Bender's Kettle of Fish extremely well. I hope we have more stories by Hubert Evans. The Train for Thomasburg is, I think, the best story in the July issue. Let's have more good stories like these. Ruth Carroll's designs are lovely. Lois Dwight

"Eagle Eye" is a Favorite

St. Joseph. Missouri: I am so glad to know there is going to be an Ellen Wakefield story in the August AMERICAN GIRL. Eagle Eye is one of my favorite AMERICAN GIRL characters, she is so alive.

When I get my magazine the first thing I turn to is "Jean and Joan." I think the illustrations are about the cutest I have ever

And as for the July issue, the cover makes you feel cool to begin with-and then to open it up and find such grand stories and perfect illustrations greeting you!

Of all the girls in Bright Lagoon, I like Mandy the best.

I like A Penny for Your Thoughts so much. It makes you feel you know the girls who write. Margie Beaty

Elizabeth Likes "Bright Lagoon"

FORT WORTH, TEXAS: I have just finished reading the July issue which came today, and the cover, stories, articles, and everything are perfect. The magazine is always so interesting I don't lose a minute in reading it when it comes.

Ruth Carroll's drawings are the best we have ever had on the covers. I am glad a Let's also have an article about her.

Jean and Joan are darling, and always make me more anxious for the next issue to come.

Alice holds your interest from beginning to end in her thrilling adventures in The

Train for Thomasburg.

It's like old times having a story by Edith Bishop Sherman. I certainly enjoyed Wings of Courage.

Curly Carbart's Medal and Bender's Kettle of Fish were cute as could be, and Bright Lagoon starts out to be one of the best serials ever published. In fact, as you can see, I have nothing but praise for THE AMERICAN GIRL. Elizabeth Sanders

A Fan Letter

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Since I have never been particularly addicted to fan-letter writing, it was with great surprise that I discovered myself dusting off my pen, preparatory to writing this.

And perhaps it was all waste of motion at that! What more, after all, could I add to the praise our AMERICAN GIRL readers have already used in its behalf! And despite the fact that one of my very numerous ambitions is to be a critic some day (and critics usually do criticize!) I can find nothing to complain about.

This is, indeed, a rather sad plight. Therefore, I had simply best terminate this by casting one more vote in favor of THE AMERICAN GIRL! Flora Gill

"Melody in Spring"

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: I simply must tell you how superb the July issue of our magazine is. I wish I could start this letter off in a different way than "I simply must write," because it seems that everyone else starts in that way, too.

About those Cover Contests: My May issue came and I decided to enter the contest. After thinking a long time, I sent in my suggestion-"Melody in Spring." Oh, how sure I was that I would win the prize I was almost positive that the book would come to me. I waited and waited for the July issue to come and-at last it did! With eager and trembling fingers, I tore open the familiar brown wrapper, only to find that forty girls had sent in the same name!

The laugh was certainly on me. Next time I won't set my hopes so high.

Ruth Birkhaeuser

Mandy is a Dear

WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA: I have received only a few issues of THE AMERICAN zine.

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GIRL, but it is my favorite magazine already. I liked Bender's Kettle of Fish by Hubert Evans. I like stories about dogs and cats. Please have a cat story sometime.

I enjoy Bright Lagoon immensely. I'd like to have Mandy for my sister.

Alice Leutner

Not a Girl Scout Yet

LAWTON, OKLAHOMA: I have always hesitated to write to you for I am not a Girl Scout. We do not have a Scout troop here. I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL since 1931, and those well-read copies have brought me (and many others) hours of pleasure.

Your June and July numbers have been just grand. Please give us more cooking and sewing articles, and I Am a Girl Who-examples; and it might interest you to know that I use the In Step with the Times for current events in school. I also enjoy the Puzzle Pack. It's More Fun When You Know the Rules is the best feature in the magazine. I am planning to make a long trip by train and I assure you that I have really studied the article on train etiquette. It is so helpful and easy to follow.

I hope I haven't bored you with my likesbut it is rather a case of suppressed hero worship. Please continue the good work and high ideals. Kathaleen Stephens

The Three Best Serials

ELGIN, ILLINOIS: I have just received my thirty-second copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Each issue is better than the last. I feel that I must write to show my appreciation of your great magazine.

Your new serial Bright Lagoon is simply splendid! It has started out to be one of the three best serials ever published in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The other two were The Laughing Princess by Mabel Cleland and Keeper of the Wolves by Norma Bicknell Mansfield.

The Train for Thomasburg was very exciting. I wonder if Alice wasn't rather discouraged on the subject of Social Service.

Do have more stories by Elizabeth Corbett. Her latest one, Curly Carbart's Medal, was very good.

Wings of Courage was sweet. As I live on farm I appreciate it especially. Bender's Kettle of Fish was also very good.

And last but not least, thanks so much for bringing Jean and Joan back again. Margaret Fletcher Mason

Our "Helpful" Articles

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA: The article on Helping Hands-and Feet is simply grand. I enjoyed reading it and discovering all the mistakes I make in manicuring my nails.

Then those articles on It's More Fun When You Know the Rules are excellent. As I am planning a trip on a boat this summer, the article in the July issue was extremely interesting to me.

And, last but not least, the stories of the Graper Girls are swell! Marion is especially funny, and is somewhat like the girls in my crowd in the things she does with her friends, inside and outside of school. Do let's have more of her soon.

Before I forget, the serial Bright Lagoon by Marguerite Aspinwall is grand. I love the way Carroll, Josephine, and Mandy Gaylord do things. Lucy L. Ashton

ew List of Prizes

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Your

Pick



LET Betty Brooks tell you how you can have your own free Fountain Pen and Pencil Set choice—any of the articles listed alongside at no expense to you. ☐ Bedroom Slippers

> Of course they are not given away for nothing; on the contrary, you are asked really to earn your choice.

> But-it is something you can do easily, happily, and profitably. And it will make the articles you choose all the more desirable to you, because they will be the prizes of your own worthwhile accomplishments.

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The first step is to fill in the coupon and mail it TODAY.

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Betty Brooks

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Please tell me how I, too, may earn the things I have checked above.

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The Siluette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Siluette cannot bind. curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed65c



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You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too

Bright Lagoon

The Cover Contest

The winning title for the July

cover is "The Tanning Industry," sent in by Peggy Rettger, of Ithaca, New York. Peggy will receive a book as a prize.

Other clever titles were "Backs to Nature," "Sun Bliss(ter),"
"Beach Nuts," "Beauty and the Beach," and "Sunlight and Sunshades."

If you think of a good title for

this month's cover, send it to the

Cover Contest Editor, in care of

THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lex-

ington Avenue, New York City.

You do not have to be a sub-scriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include

only your name, address, age,

and the date on the same sheet.

All entries must be mailed not later than September fifteenth.

(Continued from page 19)

Then Dr. and Mrs. Ashton were saying good-by, and Kits, admitting to a slight headache from the Florida glare, went with them. Jon, catching at Mandy's sleeve, whispered an eager request for a second, more detailed inspection of the music room, and its interesting collection.

So at the three girls' insistence, both Joel and he staved on for the afternoon.

They left Jasper once more deep in his manuscript, in the dim library, and trooped noisily across the hall to the closed door of the old music room.

Jon wandered, entranced, from shelf to shelf, trying this and that instrument experimentally, while the others found seats for

themselves and watched his progress. It was Josephine who first urged him to play. "I'd love to hear you try Mother's piano, Jon.

"Oh, but Jo," Mandy protested hurriedly, 'don't you remember Jon's going to tune it? He said - why, what are you all grinning about?" she demanded indignantly, breaking off at the concerted change of expression that swept the group.

Jon dropped down on the wooden piano bench.

"It's mean to tease you, Mandy," he said gently. "The tuning's all done. Josephine and Carroll knew. We planned it as a sur-

prise for you. They said you were the one in the family who cared most about music."

He laid his hands on the keys in a full, rich chord, and Mandy caught her breath suddenly as the soft, yet strongly accented notes seemed to fill the big, quiet room with a vibrating warmth and life.

None of the listeners knew the music Jon Ashton played for them that afternoon. First it sounded like a lullaby, tender and rhythmic; then it changed to a stately gavotte-Mandy, at least, could see the gay, hoopskirted figures with their high, powdered hair, stepping slowly over the dark, polished floor, to its strains.

Next he played them a spirited Spanish tango, and last of all something like early morning, in spring, when the sun comes up bright and clear out of the mists, and the first birds are twittering happily.

It went on and on in a shifting pattern made of plaintive minors, and stirring major chords and haunting melodies. It seemed to wash over the whole room like a slowly rising tide of light, and color, and sound.

Quite unconscious of what she did, Mandy moved from her seat by the door, step by step, almost like a sleepwalker, until she stood against the piano, facing Jon. When at last his hands dropped from the keys, she gave a long sigh, as if expelling a held

"Like it?" the boy asked rather shyly, for

he was sensitive where his music was con-

"Like it-oh!" Mandy said softly. "What was that lovely last thing, that sounded like birds waking up?"

"You heard them?" he asked in pleased surprise. "That's just what it was-it's the Bird Music from Wagner's opera of Siegfried. You've a good ear, Mandy. Don't you play, yourself, at all?"

"Only the typewriter keys," Mandy returned with a faint touch of bitterness.

"Look here, I'll teach you," he said eagerly. He glanced keenly at her hands lying on the glossy piano-top. "You've good hands for either piano or violin," he told her.
"Long, strong-looking fingers. Typewriting's

fine exercise for keeping them flexible, by the way. Wait a second, I saw a violin over on one of the shelves.'

A moment later he was back on the piano bench, a violin case in his arms.

"Only one string gone," he cried in triumph. "It's a nice instrument, too. Ought to have a good tone." He was busily tightening the bow, and when that was adjusted to his satisfaction, he fell to tuning the strings, striking soft notes on the piano from time to

time, for pitch. At last with a little flourish, he tucked the violin under his chin, as caressingly as if it had been alive, and

drew the bow across and across the strings. The tones that followed were firm, and resonant, lovely singing notes that were not quite a melody, but rather the faint, far-off echo of a partly heard song.

Mandy drew in her breath sharply. "Oh, Jon, could I ever learn to play-

that?" she whispered.

For answer he rose and put the violin in her hands, showing her how it should be held against her throat, with her chin drawn down-so-and the bow at this-and thisangle. Then slowly, guiding her excited hand with his own sure one, he made her draw the bow across one string. And then again, and again. Just that single note, tried over and over patiently, until its halting, quavering uncertainties began ever so little to merge into an encouraging semblance to his own firm touch.

They were both flushed and breathless and triumphant, when at last he let her stop, and a gay round of applause from their audience rewarded Mandy's first musical efforts.

"Old Jon'll make a musician of you, if you let him, Mandy," Joel chuckled appreciatively. "He almost did with me-till I took to baseball and ruined my hands."

Did Kits really buy Bright Lagoon? And what happened after a long distance call had produced a visitor from Hollywood? Watch for the next month's installment.

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Hair of Your Head

(Continued from page 23) rotary motion, pressing and kneading as if you were trying to move the scalp from the bony structure. I feel very strongly that every girl should give her hair the benefit of a treatment of this kind once or twice a week. You will find that your head feels marvelous after a massage and that, if you are a faithful massager, the looks of your hair will repay you.

And now, just a word about hairdressings: the simplest effects are always the most charming, especially when you are young. Pay a good deal of attention to the placing of your part; it can make all the difference in the becomingness of your hair arrangement. Off-the-forehead styles are always lovely and fortunately are at the moment in fashion.

If you wear your hair cut at the back, do not let the hairdresser or barber cut it too short. Andthis is equally important-do not have it too long, unless it is the sort of hair that will hold a curl all the time, or unless it is long enough so that you can pin it flat by day and wear it in brushed-up curls for parties.

On With the Dance!

(Continued from page 15) refuse to dance with a boy because he isn't popular or handsome. If you do this, others with whom you would like to dance will be afraid to ask you, fearing that you may refuse them for more desirable partners. They will decide that you are not a good sport, and they will resent this unfairness in you. A boy will hesitate to bring over a shy or unprepossessing friend (who may be a fine fellow), for he will be afraid that you will refuse to dance with him.

Dance with every boy who asks you, unless there is some definite reason for not doing so.

If your partner steps on your new party slippers, accept his apology gracefully, forget the damage, and be gay. If the fault was yours, acknowledge it. Laugh and forget it.

Relax, but don't slump! Be erect, ready, poised. Relaxation merely means perfect muscle control and a limber quality.

Everyone has a sense of rhythm in dancing. I have found only two people, in the thousands and thousands who have come to my school for instruction, who did not have. They were both mentally unbalanced. Since a sense of rhythm is the first requisite for dancing, you can dance. You will need practice, of course, so turn on your radio and begin.

Any steps which you may take toward bettering your dancing will be steps taken in the right direction. For dancing gives you grace, poise, assurance and a winged look which belongs to youth. It also assures you of a good time-a very good time-at parties!

How we raised \$41 cash easily for our troop.

"Speaking for Girl Scout Troop #34 I wish to extend our thanks to you for your co-operation in helping to make our sales a success. We think that your plan for adding to the Troop Treasury was a fine one. With comparatively little effort on the part of each individual a neat sum can be had in no time. We are very proud of ourselves and can safely say that we have added about \$41 to our Troop Treasury and had lots of fun besides. The earlier Girl Scouts start to show their Christmas Cards, the better results they will have. That is my experience."

Mrs. WILLIAM C. COOK Long Island, N. Y.

YOU, TOO, can solve YOUR MONEY NEED with the 1934 AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN

You can be just as successful as the troop whose actual letter you have just read. It is only one of hundreds of troops that raised money last year and are already busy with the plan again this year. Join with these other Girl Scout Troops. Raise \$5, \$10 or more for your own treasury. Show this to your Leader and ask her to send TODAY for the American Girl-Quaint Shop Plan with its pleasant surprise.

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Ask your Leader to mail this coupon TODAY!

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Please send me full details of the official AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN for easily raising money for our Troop! And tell me, too, about The Pleasant Surprise.	САЅН
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SCHOOL ADVICE FREE

Ratings and ALL catalogs FREE. Give age of boy or girl. American Schools (and Colleges) Ass'n. 26th yr. Visit 2139 R. C. A. Building (49th St., off 5th Av.), Radio City, New York City. Parking. Phone COlumbus 5-6076 or BRyant 9-1141.

Scout Leaders Attention

Does Your Scout Troop Need Money?

If so write to us for information and samples of "Brown's Christmas Greeting Card Box Assortments." The prices are right. Boxes from 30c to \$1.25 of exceptional variety and value. Samples now ready. This is not a new plan as thousands of organizations have been and are still using it. We allow a discount of 50%. Write at once for information, and get an early start.

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40th year. Graduates: Fred Astaire, Lee Tracy, Una Merkel, Mary Pickford, Peggy Shannon, Zita Johann. etc. Stage, Screen, Radio, Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy. Stock Theatre Training. Appearances while learning. N. Y. Debuts. Write Sec'y Harlow, for Catalog 8—66 West 85th St., New York.



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EACH and every Proficiency Badge you mattests your qualifications as a leader. *And as you earn your honors, signify them in the most telling way--with a Lion Bros. Co. perfectly embroidered emblem. Sold only through Girl Scout Headquarters, New York.

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WHEN ACCIDENTS

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YOU HAD A

• Accidents are happening every day where prompt first aid might save a limb or even a life. Those few precious moments before the doctor arrives have been entrusted to Girl Scouts—

Be prepared with an official Johnson & Johnson First Aid Kit. Keep the contents of your kit complete at all times. Get your Kit through National Headquarters or your local drug



Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.

OFFICIAL FIRST AID KITS

The Flat-Tire Mystery

(Continued from page 22)

Well, maybe Madge's father changed the tires," Dick said. "Such things have happened. Did he have the car out last night, Madge?"

"Yes," I had to admit. "He went to the movies with Mother. They came home about half-past ten, after I was in bed. I remember because I heard the car door slam and the garage doors creak."

"There, you see!" said Dick triumphantly.
"He had the car out, and had a flat tire and changed to this one."

"When he had a brand new one he could have changed to?" asked Betty. "That won't do, Dick. I'm afraid, Madge, we'll have to be the Detective Club for a while, even if the boys do laugh at us."

"Yes, Superintendent Bliss," I said with a mock salute. "Quite so, Superintendent Bliss. And what is your theory of this affair, Superintendent Bliss?"

"Arthur," said Betty, ignoring my question for a moment, "will you look outside, and tell me what you see on the ground near the garage door—near the one that was already oiled, not the one you oiled. Or is that too silly for you to do? If it is, I will send Inspector Dorothy Carver."

"I don't have to look," Art said. "I know

"I don't have to look," Art said. "I know what is there—three bricks. I saw them before I came in."

"He saw three bricks, Inspector Madge," Betty said. "I think that completes the evidence that a crime was committed. The only thing we need to discover now, is who stole the tire off this wheel and put this old one in its place."

"Now, now!" Dick Prince objected. "Just wait a minute. Not so fast, Betty."

"Superintendent Bliss, if you please, Mr. Prince," Betty corrected him.

"Not so fast, Superintendent," Dick said.
"I don't admit that there has been a tire stolen. You'll have to show me. I may be

"Oh, now, Mr. Prince, I would not say that," said Betty, her mouth bending into a mischievous smile. "I wouldn't say you were stupid. Just a little dull, perhaps; just a little unobservant."

"Wow!" exclaimed Dick. "And is that a jab! All right, Superintendent, tell me what you observed."

"It's so awfully simple," said Betty. "You see it, of course, Inspector Madge."

"Well," I said doubtfully, because I did not see at all, "I almost see it, Superintendent."

"Of course you do!" Betty said. "Last night when your father came back with the car and put it in the garage here, it was halfpast ten; and you say the garage doors creaked when he closed them. You said 'doors.' You meant both doors?"

'doors.' You meant both doors?"
"Yes," I agreed, "I meant both doors. I heard one creak and then the other. I'm sure, because they had different creaks—one always went 'Yee-owee' and the other 'Yowwee-wee.'"

"You have the observing ear, Inspector," said Betty. "So we know that neither door was oiled as late as ten-thirty last night. Your father and mother came in as soon as the car was put away?"

"Yes! I called and asked how the movie was—"

"We'll not bother about that. But I think

it is hardly likely that your father went out again just to oil one door, is it, Madge? If your father—or anyone else who wanted to take the car out of the garage—did not want the hinges to creak and waken anyone, Madge, he would have oiled all the hinges, wouldn't he?"

"Of course, Superintendent," I said, giggling a little.

"Rawthah!" said Betty. "But only the hinges of one door were oiled, so whoever did oil the hinges must have thought that was enough. He did not want any creaking hinges that might waken you and give warning, but he did not think it necessary to oil the hinges of both doors. He meant to use only one door. He was not stealing the car; he was stealing one tire. So one door was all he needed to open."

"That sounds pretty," Dick said, "but what of it?" And I said, "But, Superintendent, why should he steal an old worn tire, when there was a new spare he could have taken?"

"I'm coming to that," Betty said. "We are trying to discover, from the clues we have, who entered this garage and stole a tire, and left an old one in its place. We have more than enough clues, of course, to tell us who it was."

tell us who it was."
"We have?" Dot asked. "Do you mean,
Superintendent, that you know who did it?"

"Certainly, Inspector Carver," Betty said.
"And if you gave the clues proper attention, you would know, too. Or, at least, Inspector Madge would know. In the first place, it was a short person; we know that because he could not reach up to the upper hinge to oil it. He had to take three bricks from that pile that had not been moved for so long that dust was thick on top of the pile. He took the three bricks from the old pile—as I know because the bricks now on top of the pile are not dusty—and put one brick on top of the other to stand on, so he could reach up to the top hinge of the door that had to be opened. So I say he was a short person."

"Yes, yes!" said Dick, pretending to be amazed. "Go on!"

"Marvelous, my dear Superintendent!" said Arthur. "Wotta brain! Wotta brain!"

"Thank you," said Betty, smiling again.
"So what next? The criminal, having made sure the door would not creak and alarm anyone, entered the garage with this exploded tire on his shoulder and changed it for the tire that was on this wheel. He did not take the new tire that he could easily remove from the back of the car. Why didn't he?"

"Well, why? I'll ask you," said Dick.
"Two reasons," said Betty. "The first was that he was not going far in his car. The second was that he had an old car—probably a rackety old car with badly worn tires. If he was a person who had not much money—and whom everyone knew had not much money—and he appeared with a brand new tire on his car, everyone would notice it. Someone would surely notice it, and when Madge's father told of the theft of a new tire, the thief would be instantly suspected."

"How do you know he wasn't going far?"

Art asked, for he was really interested now. "What I mean," said Betty, "is that he was not a person from some other town, or a person who was just stealing a tire to sell. If he was going far away, it would not make any difference if he did steal a new tire. No

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one here would see it. But the fact that he took an old tire, that would probably match the other old tires on his car, means that he expects to be around town with his car. He thought, evidently, that no one would notice the stolen tire on his car because it was old, and he thought Madge's father would believe this substituted tire was just one of the old tires that had gone flat. He thought Madge's father would take off the old tire and throw it away, and put on the new one and think no more about it."

"Betty-" I cried. "I mean Superintendent Bliss-I know who it was! I know who you

'Do you?" Betty asked, smiling at me, and I whispered in her ear.

"Keys," was what I whispered.

"That's it," Betty told me, with a nod of her head, and then she went on explaining to the others. "I think Madge has guessed it," she said. "Because, you see, the thief must have been someone who was familiar with this car, and knew the tires were the same size as his. He didn't break into your father's garage, Dick, because he knew your car has larger tires. He came right here, and he knew the doors squeaked. He had the oil all ready to use. He knew this car had tires that were considerably worn."

I was practically jumping up and down be-cause I was so excited. I had to put my hand over my mouth to keep from blurting out the name of the thief.

'So he was not just any thief," Betty went "and he was not just a common tire thief. He was a special thief who knew all about this cat, and the garage, and the tires on the car. So he must have been someone in this neighborhood, or who came here rather often. Inspector Madge, you had to unlock the door just now to let us into the garage?

Yes, Superintendent Bliss," I said. And the lock was not pried off, or broken? And you had to borrow your mother's keys to unlock the door? Your keys were

lost, were they not?" Yes," I said.

"Where did you lose them, Inspector Madge?

"I don't know that, of course," I told Betty. "Somewhere in the yard, or out in

front, because when I locked the garage that day I must have had them, but when I looked for them that evening they were gone, and I hadn't been anywhere."

'And your initials were on the key case? I know they were, because I gave you the key case on your birthday," said Betty. "Anyone finding them would know they opened the garage. So—"
"I know!" Dot said now. "I know, Super-

intendent! Silas!"

"A good guess, except that Silas is tall enough to oil the hinge without standing on bricks, and that Silas would never steal anything," Betty said. "I think it was someone who has been working all summer, and who has saved enough to buy a rackety old car. Someone who had a tire blow-out yesterday evening, and went to Silas to get some money that was due him, so he could buy a second-hand tire. Someone who had promised to take some boys fishing in his car, and just couldn't bear to hear them hoot at him because he couldn't keep his promise. Some-

"Daniel Webster Washington Smith!"

cried Dick and Art together.
"Well," said Betty, "you might go and ask Silas if Dan has bought an old car."

And he had. In a few minutes the boys came back and said that Daniel Webster Washington Smith had indeed bought an old car, and that what he had wanted the money for was to buy a tire. So that almost proved that Betty was right, and the next day Dick and Art hunted up Daniel and his car, and there was the stolen tire!

Well, Father did not send Daniel to jail. He gave him a good talking to, and Daniel told Silas to pay Father the value of the tire out of the money that was coming to him, and Daniel swore he would never steal anything again, and I guess he hasn't.

I said to Betty that I thought she had been very clever.

A real detective couldn't have done any better," I said, and she raised her eyebrows and gave me quite a stare.

Well, really!" she exclaimed. "Really, Inspector! You amaze me! A real detective? What do you think I am, then?"

And did I feel crushed!

Hikers Campers Pioneers A NEW HAND AXE and TWO NEW COMPASSES

The New Girl Scout Axe in all its glory of green stained handle and head will delight any woodsman-boy or girl. A small gold trefoil cut into the head identifies it as having been designed especially for the needs and use of Girl Scouts. The keen edge cuts fast and stays sharp and the toughened handle may be used for pounding or hammering. A special feature, found only in Plumb tools, is the screw which is used to tighten the handle.

The sheath is of heavy leather, strongly sewed and riveted, and supplied with slits so that it may be slipped on to the belt.

P 264 Axe and Sheath, Boxed..... P 262 Axe only P 263 Sheath only

The New Compass has a featherweight octagen-shaped case of green bakelite. The aluminum dial is stamped with the trefoil as well as with the 16 points of the compass, while the inner rim is marked at every five degrees for greater accuracy. The revolving needle, mounted on a jeweled pivot, is furnished with a locking device.

The Mariner's Compass is similar to the above but supplied with a blue bakelite case to match the Mariner's uniform. M 359

The Small Compass although only one inch in diameter is extremely reliable. The case is of polished metal and the dial is stamped with the trefoil.



Prize Winners in the Christmas Card Contest



LEFT TO RIGHT, TONY SARG, RUTH CARROLL, DELOS PALMER, JUDGES IN THIS CONTEST

WE are happy to announce that Tony Sarg, Ruth Carroll, and Delos Palmer, judges in the Girl Scout Christmas Card Contest, selected Charlotte Bass of Mineral Point, Missouri, as winner of the first prize. Charlotte, who is fifteen years old, received \$25 in cash; and her troop also received \$25 in equipment. The second prize, \$15 in cash, went to Ruth Wylie, fourteen years old, of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. Ruth's troop also received \$15 in equipment. The third prize, \$10 in cash, was awarded to Katherine M. Powers, age fourteen, of Beverly, Massachu-

Five girls were awarded Honorable Mention, and each received a leather-bound Girl Scout Handbook, with her name in gold on the cover. These girls are as follows: Margaret Post, age fifteen, of Knoxville, Tennessee; Ray Mercer, eighteen, Boston, Massachusetts; Carol Hughes, fourteen, San Bruno, California; Dorothy Wilkinson, eighteen, East Hartford, Connecticut; and Elinor Powell, thirteen, East Milton, Massachusetts.



CHARLOTTE BASS'S WINNING DESIGN

ON ALL DAY



STILL NEAT AND CLEAN

Cover cuts, scratches, burns, blisters with this NEAT, READY-TO-USE speed bandage. Drybak Band-Aid, with its waterproof backing of sun tan color makes an inconspicuous, aseptic dressing that you will not be ashamed to wear. Only Drybak Band-Aid offers

these advantages, Individual wrapping insures cleanliness. At your druggist's.





with your name and address printed in margin with 5¢ in coin for packet of Drybak Band-Aids and pamphlet "First Steps to First Aid". For safe mailing, fasten coin with adhesive tape. Address Dept. 226.

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Beautiful, Natural-like

nd keeping unruly hair no





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\$5.00 for yo	u
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Cut me out and I will tell you how to earn

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Dept. 9A 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Local Address ...

City and State

Sue Visits Jugoslavia

(Continued from page 25) pigeons as the Piazza San Marco in Venice.

Sue's father told her how Richard Cœur de Lion, overtaken by a storm on his illfated voyage back from the Holy Land. vowed that he would build a church at the spot where he should land in safety, and it was at Ragusa that he fulfilled his vow and built a cathedral of unrivaled beauty, which was later destroyed by an earthquake. He showed her the cloisters and gardens in the convents of the Franciscans and Dominicans. and took her to the museum where she saw a marvelous collection of native costumes, stiff with embroidery. Why should most of the civilized world wear drab and conventional clothes, thought Sue, when every country must be rich in the tradition of vivid and beautiful costume? She was glad to find one country, at least, where people still wore their native dress.

Sue and her parents had now left their "private yacht" for good, and next day they took a toy train that twisted and turned in hairpin curves, as it carried them through fertile valleys, up barren mountain sides where boys and girls in brilliant costume scrambled about the rocks with their flocks of lively goats, right over the very tops where they could look away to other mountains and valleys on either side. The train was so tiny that Sue felt, if she crossed the aisle to look way down into the valley, the car might topple over. It was a breath-taking experience, this funny tooting toy that carried them over the top of the world.

They came to Sarajevo next, the city where the Austrian archduke was assassinated, and the firebrand kindled that started the World War. Here they saw many Mohammedan men in red fezzes, and women in long veils. Sue's father told her that Sarajevo was now more Turkish than Turkey itself, as it had retained many Moslem customs long after Turkey had given them up. She was curious about the mysteriously veiled women, and watched as they whispered their orders to the maids who always went with them to do their purchasing for them. They themselves might speak to no man outside their own families, nor be seen by any other men.

Sue and her mother were allowed to enter the mosque when they had put on shuffling straw shoes over their own, but Sue was told that no Moslem woman might enter this church for fear of contaminating it, as women were supposed to have no souls. Foreign women did not count, apparently. She was interested in the muezzin calling prayers from the Moorish tower, and the well outside the doors of the mosque where the men washed ceremonially many times a day. Sarajevo was full of the mystery of the East. The Turkish market was made up of streets of open booths, with canopies over them, and there, on raised platforms, sat cross-legged men in voluminous trousers and tasseled fezzes, beating out shining copper bowls, or making leather slippers, or unrolling lengths of gorgeous silk, the riches of the Orient spread about them. Sue wanted to buy everything she saw and take it home with her.

At the hotel they found a room with a private bath, a luxury for this part of the world, but as there was hot water only on Saturdays-and this was Tuesday-it didn't do them much good. When they asked for

a Turkish meal, they got all kinds of curious things, most of them delicious, though Sue drew the line at the bowl of thick sour cream which is dessert to the Sarajevans.

Once more they climbed aboard a toy train, and puffed and snorted off to Zagreb. Here Sue's mother had an old friend whom they visited, a charming Serbian lady whom she had known at school in Germany many years before. Jovanka, the young daughter of the family (pronounced Yovanka), was just Sue's age. She was slim and black-haired and dark-eyed, this Jovanka, and wore embroidered dresses adapted from the costumes of the peasants, and made by girls in the embroidery schools in Zagreb. Sue's mother bought some of these dresses for her, too.

Zagreb was different from any of the other towns they had seen in Jugoslavia, a great modern city with wide streets, beautiful public parks, and rows and rows of apartment houses. The streets were full of colormore costumes than Sue had seen anywhere else-and men as well as women wore embroidered blouses and jackets, and full ruffled trousers that hung about their legs like voluminous skirts. It was a fête day, and all the peasants from the neighboring villages had come to Zagreb to celebrate. Sue and her father and mother followed group after group about, enchanted by their costumes. Presently Sue realized that the peasants were looking at them just as curiously, nudging each other and pointing out their strange costumes. "Why," she cried, "we are just as queer to them as they are to us. I never thought of that before.'

JOVANKA took them to the market place near the cathedral where, under brilliant awnings, were spread the wares the peasants brought in from their villages. From one village came only dairy things, cream and butter and cheeses, and at these booths the peasants all wore the same costume. In the next booth were strawberries and cherries from another village, and all these peasants were costumes just alike. In another part of the market were only chickens and ducks and eggs, and the women who sold these wore a still different costume, typical of their own village. As they watched, a strapping woman came striding in with a basket of live ducks in either hand, and another balanced on her head. The woman turned her head from side to side easily as she walked and talked, while the ducks quacked and stretched their necks, but the basket on her head never even wobbled. Beside the woman walked a dapper little man, much embroidered and beribboned, swinging his cane, but carrying nothing else.

Why doesn't he help her?" asked Sue. Jovanka looked at her in astonishment.

Women do all the work here. It would be beneath a man's dignity to carry anything to market," she said. And once more Sue was glad she was an American.

But her mother wasn't half so interested in the cheeses and ducks and strawberries, as she was in the clothes that the women wore; and before the morning was over, with the help of Jovanka's mother, she had bargained for this blouse and cap, that gay skirt, and brilliant apron. It was not easy to persuade the women to part with their clothes, for they were not just dresses as we know them, but tra- (Continued on page 48)

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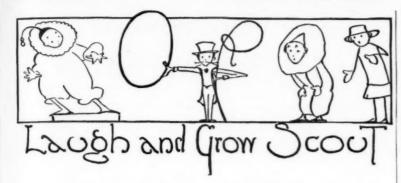
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48)



The Funniest Joke I

Have Heard This Month

Walking Made Easy

An old Indian came to town one day,

'Huh!" he exclaimed. "White man

and for the first time he saw a man rid-

heap lazy. Sits down to walk."-Sent

by SARAH WILKINS, Danvers, Massa-

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your fun-

niest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every

girl whose joke is published in this space.

ing a bicycle.

chusetts.

Simple

During history class the teacher asked, "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a student promptly.

'Correct! What happened in 1487?" After a long pause, "Luther was four years old."-Sent by EVELYN GROGAN, Atlanta, Georgia.

All the Same

SMALL BOY: Can't I have a ride on a donkey, Mother?

MOTHER: No, darling. Father says

SMALL BOY: Why can't I have a ride on a donkey, Moth-

MOTHER (aside

to Father): Oh, for goodness' sake, Fred, give him a ride on LEWIN, Nantucket, Massachusetts. your back to keep him quiet.—Sent by CAR-OLYN WILLIAMS, Saylesville, Rhode Island.

Full of Holes

ENGAGED SISTER: When John and I are married, we must have a hyphenated nameit's so much smarter. What would go well with Eaton?

SMALL BROTHER: Moth!-Sent by Joy McALEER, New York, New York.

Stable Manners



Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

'No. Can you?"

"Yes. My horse does."-Sent by EDITH COWITZ, Waterloo, Oregon.

Collegiate

FRIEND: What is your son taking up in college this year?

DAD: Space, nothing but space! Sent by RUTH SPATZ, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Clever Hen

Mother had sent Susan to the henhouse for eggs, but she came back without any.

"Well, dear," Mother said, "were

there no eggs?"

And Susan replied, "No, Mother, only the one the hen uses for a pat-tern."—Sent by BONITA JAMISON, Morgantown, West Virginia.

If You Insist

JUDGE: One year, and fifty dollars fine. PRISONER'S LAW-YER: I shall make a motion to have the sentence reversed.

JUDGE: Motion granted. Fifty years, and one dollar fine. -Sent by HELEN

Quite So



Two bookworms were talking with each other, and one said, "Look me up sometime! I'm in the telephone book now."—Sent by BETTY CONGER, Wanwatosa, Wisconsin.

Couldn't Stand for It

A pretty teacher was speeding downtown in her car. She was stopped by a policeman. "I shall have to give you a ticket, lady,"

said the officer.

"But I am on my way to my eighth grade

class!" protested the teacher.
"Ignorance is no excuse," said the officer sternly.—Sent by CYNTHIA TULLER, Detroit, Michigan.

Natural or Otherwise

TEACHER: What is an iceberg? TOMMY: I know, teacher, an iceberg is a permanent wave.—Sent by FRANCES LENGFELD, Hillsborough, California.



Collars and cuffs certainly do a lot to pep up a dress—IF—they always look fresh. So wash yours often. To get them specially white and sparkling— wash them with Fels-Naptha. Its two vasa them with reis-Napina. Its two cleaners, good golden soap and plenty of naptha, loosen dirt gently and com-pletely. They make things beautifully clean and sweet. Remind mother, too— Fels-Naptha's extra help can make her washes casier.

FELS-NAPTHA

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TAKE YOUR PICK see page 41!

Sue Visits Jugoslavia

(Continued from page 46) ditional costumes, identical from one generation to another, embroidered by each bride on homespun, handwoven linen to last a lifetime of feast days and market days. Some young things, however, preferred the newer dresses they could buy in the shops with the money given them by the foreigners. Sue wondered how she would feel, in America, if some casual foreign traveler tried to buy from her the very clothes she was wearing.

The two girls sat close together the last evening at Zagreb, loath to part the next day. They listened as the grown-ups talked about this strange land of Jugoslavia, made up of a dozen or more separate countries with as many different political interests, with people of every race and religion-Latin, Slav, Oriental, Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic, Moslem. Here was a land with great variety of climate, with fertile valleys. barren mountains, sunny shores and snowclad peaks, a land in which each man fears his neighbor because he was once his enemy. or loves him because he is now his country-

"It is not a country at all," mused Sue. It is a garden, a great garden, full of strange flowers and perfumes, and brilliant colorvivid and bright to see, but brighter still to remember!

Gourds Mexicana

(Continued from page 31)

other support, where the fruit, hanging downward on its stem, develops in more symmetrical form than if allowed to rest on the ground. If, however, you want a gourd to have a very flat base try resting it on a board during its growth.

For decorating, the gourds should be gathered when mature, but not thoroughly dried out. At this time they are easily cut and cleaned, the interior being reduced to seeds and a little fibrous material.

Two different methods of cutting are followed by experienced workers. In the first method, the well ripened fruit is placed in a dry loft or attic, in such a way that the gourds do not touch each other, until they are dry and rattly. The hole is then cut with an auger and finished with a sharp knife or clippers. In the second method, a hole of the desired shape is cut when the gourd is a little green, and it is then dried. From my own experience, I find there is less danger of cracking the gourd when cutting if the latter method is followed.

After the gourd is thoroughly dried, it is soaked for a short time in water. This softens the outside, which is scraped by hand to make it "clean" looking, and to make a surface for painting. Then the gourd is again dried thoroughly, after which the design is painted on with oil paints. When the paint is thoroughly dry, the gourd is varnished, to add to its attractiveness and protect it against weather. This finish over the paint gives the effect of mellowed old

All jugs, flower baskets, and other articles that hold liquids may be paraffin lined, if you wish, though this is not absolutely necessary, as a gourd will hold water.

Whether you go in for gourd painting in an important way, or do nothing more than shellac the gourds you grow, to enhance the natural color, using the oddly shaped

fruit for decorative objects, you will find gourd growing and decorating a fascinating hobby. Many young gardeners are developing a market for both decorated and undecorated gourds. There is a demand for the smaller varieties with unusual markings, for center baskets for the dining table. For this purpose they require only a coat of clear shellac.

A pleasant feature of the art of the gourd is that it is of crude, peasant character, with much color and freedom of design. The paint is applied in gay splashes, and the pattern is done in a free-hand way that is anything but regular.

The geometric design in the Mexican trend is one of the easiest to use, as it may be almost anything your imagination dictates, so long as you cling to the greens, reds, blues and rusts from Mexico.

Suppose, for example, you wish to use the interlocking squares shown in the design. Paint the design on either side of the gourd in red and yellow on a bright blue background that reaches two-thirds of the way up the gourd. Finish off the blue background with wavering stripes in the red and yellow, and leave the upper portion and neck in the natural color.

Apply the zigzag pattern in red and yellow on a cobalt blue background.

Simplest of all, make wavering stripes in green, yellow, terra cotta and brown.

While the gourd bird-house is not an entirely new idea for Girl Scouts, I do want to mention it here. The dipper gourd is well adapted to this use as it has a long, straight handle and a cozy round bowl in which the birds may build their nest.

Cut a round hole with an auger in one side of the gourd, the size of the hole depending upon the bird you wish to house. If a small bird like the wren is to live in the house, let the entrance be just large enough for the wren to enter; in this way it will be protected from other birds.



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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

UCH has happened since this column appeared two months ago. On July seventh the Post Office Department placed on sale at Green Bay, Wisconsin, one of the loveliest commemorative stamps this country has ever seen. The stamp was issued to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the State of Wisconsin and pictures a group of Indians as they greet Jean Nicolet landing on the shores of Green Bay. The stamp is of 3c denomination, is horizontal in shape, and is printed in

At the time we go to new National Parks series of stamps have been issued. The 1c stamp, yeldepicting El Capitan Mountain in Yosemite Park, California, was the

2c stamp on July twenty-fourth and this shows us Grand Canyon, Arizona. This value is red in color. The 3c purple has for its central design a reproduction of Mount Rainier in the State of Washington, and this was issued on August third. Postmaster General Farley himself sold the first stamp of the 5c value on

ber-will be issued sometime during the months of August and September. Some of you may want first day of issue covers of this National Parks series and if you will send a stamped, addressed envelope to the editor of this column, he will tell you where they may

A very interesting set of stamps has just come to us from Germany, three of which we illustrate. This set was issued to do honor to the memory of four of Germany's pioneer explorers. The stamps are of the large size, the frames being identical, but the central medallion shows a different portrait for each

The 3 pfennig brown and gray-black shows a portrait of Franz Adolf Eduard Luederitz, the German merchant who was the founder of the first German colony in Southwest Africa. He was born in Bremen in 1834, where he went into the tobacco business with his father. He traveled in America for the five years beginning in 1854 and, after his father's death in 1878, succeeded to the management of the business. In 1881 he estab-

lished a factory at Lagos and two years later he acquired Angra Pequena which the next year was placed under German protection. Luederitz was drowned in the Orange River in October 1886.

Gustav Nachtigal was born at Eichstaedt in 1834. His portrait is shown on the 6 pfennig green and gray-black. In 1869 the King of Prussia sent him on a mission to the Sultan of Bornu. From here he went to Baghirmi and, proceeding by way of Wadai and Kordofan, arrived at Khartum in the winter

of 1874. This journey placed him in the first rank of discoverers. He was made Consul General for the German Empire at Tunis until 1884, when he was sent by Bismarck to West Africa as special commissioner. As a result of his mission, Togoland and Cameroon were add-

The 12 pfennig red and gray black, shown here, pictures Karl Peters, one of the founders of German East Africa. Born at Neuhaus in 1856, he went, in 1884, to East Africa and made treaties with several groups of natives. One of the most important of these treaties was prob-

ably the one which he made with the King of Uganda. He left Uganda on the arrival of a representative of the British East Africa Company. Later, on reaching Zanzibar, he learned that his treaty was useless, as an agreement had already been terminated between Germany and Great Britain whereby Uganda was to remain in the British sphere.

The high value in the series shows Hermann von Wissmann on the 25 pfennig blue and gray-black.

Much confusing information has been coming to us from Belgium, concerning the first issue of stamps which will carry the portrait of the new King, Leopold III. Before King Albert's death, the Royal Philatelic Club of the Invalides had won his promise for a special stamp, with surtax, to be issued on the occasion of the Philatelic Exhibition in Brussels this coming September fifteenth.

The new king, to carry out the promise of his father, has authorized two semi-postal stamps in special colors, 75c plus 25c and 1fr plus 25c, to be sold at a premium covering the entrance fee to the Exhibition. The surtax of 25c goes to the Invalides. These stamps, bearing the portrait of King Leopold III, were to be issued on August fourth. This day marks the twentieth anniversary of Belgium's entrance into the World War.



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\$2.00 and \$1.00 stamps, also scarce U. S. World's Fair Im-perforate issue, and packet Manchukuo, Oltre Giuba, Lem-nos, etc.—all for only Se with bargain approvals and lista, Seminole Stamp Co., Pimileo-A, Baltimore, Md.

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Lithuania Map Triangle! (as Blustrated), size naciest Tangenyike, Se Beisen Somelitund, Sudinn, Mesembigue, Se Grenade, Bentin Herzgeoine, Krups, U. S., revenue, etc.—all for only Se with bargain approvis and inter.

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decor the kings, . For purple ink. press four values of the gourd d the low-green in color, and nat is

first value to go on sale on July sixteenth. Next came the

July thirtieth. This denomination, blue in color, shows "Old Faithful Geyser" in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.

The rest of the series—six stamps in num-

be obtained.

value.









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